National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Selections.

ADDRESS

OF THE

Convention held in Syracuse, October 1st, 1853,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF CELEBRATING THE

RESCUE OF THE MAN JERRY.

TO OUR COUNTRYMEN: We speak not to our neighbours only, but to all our countrymen also. We speak to them all, because it is the interest of them all, and the right of them all, to know what is our justification for our startling and reprehended conduct. When the acknowledged laws of a land are [illegible] and concertedly trampled on, all its inhabitants are vitally affected, and justly alarmed by the momentous occurrence; and they are entitled to know, as well as concerned to know, why this assault has been made upon their government. Government, to be a blessing to the people, must be sacred to the people. They must feel that the wrong which is done to it, is done to themselves. Every insult to a just government must be as promptly resented by its subjects as if offered to themselves. It is offered to themselves. Emphatically it is, when the Government, like our own, is one of the people's choice.

We admit that we are the rescuers of JERRY. All of us are such. If we did not all use our hands in rescuing him; if we did not all participate in the counsels which resulted in his rescue; if we did not all make ourselves legally liable for it; nevertheless, the fact that we all approve it, makes us all his morally responsible rescuers; and that is to be his rescuers, in the highest sense.

We admit that we knew that they were ministers of Government, out of whose hands we rescued Jerry; and that they had the great political parties, and Acts of Congress, and Opinions of Judges, and, above all, the received interpretations of the Federal Constitution for their countenance and shelter. We admit, therefore, that we are guilty of great disrespect for "the powers that be"—guilty, indeed, of setting ourselves in array against the Government, and of taking the attitude of revolutionists and rebels.

We admit that we knew that the Doctors of Divinity, and the great majority of the Churches, and the current religion of the country, were on the side of these ministers of Government; and that our rescue of Jerry was, therefore, an act of glaring, defiant infidelity, in the popular sense of infidelity.

We admit that we knew that the men against whom we went were armed, and that we therefore knew that our being unarmed exposed us to the reproach of hazarding our lives recklessly.

We make all these admissions—and yet we justify our rescue of Jerry. On what ground? Solely on the ground of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us. Jerry wished to be rescued. Were we kidnapped, we should wish to be rescued. Were our kidnappers kidnapped, they would wish to be rescued. Were Marshal Allen kidnapped, his heart would go out forever toward the Jerry—the white Jerry, or the black Jerry—who should deliver him. Marshal Fitch fired pistols at the rescuers of Jerry. But had he been in Jerry's place, the kisses of his love would have imprinted, and the tears of his gratitude would have wet, the cheeks of those rescuers. Who is there, in fine, that, were he kidnapped, would not wish to be rescued? No one. There is no one, then, who is competent to deny that Jerry's wish should have been gratified.

But it is said that there was a law against rescuing Jerry. We answer, that there was no law—is no law—against the duty of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us. We say this, not only because the Great Teacher and Lawgiver has couched this duty in a commandment; nor because the heart of universal human nature owns that this "commandment is holy and just and good." We say it, moreover, because, in the nature of things, this duty must be the reason and the soul of every law for the regulation of the mutual conduct of men. Is the Statute Book in the face of this duty? So far, then, the Statute Book is no law. Is the Constitution in the face of this duty? So far, then, the Constitution is no law.

There was no law against rescuing Jerry, because there was no law for enslaving him. Whatever the forms of law under which he was held, they were entirely wanting in the spirit and substance of law. The law to do unto others as we would have others do unto us, is a law to respect all human rights. But all human rights are oloven down by Slavery. Every law must be a law for the protection of rights. A law for the destruction of rights is a solecism and an absurdity.

We said that there was no law for enslaving Jerry. That is not a law for the human race which no human being can honestly enforce. To say that it is, is to impeach the wisdom and purity of the Author of all law. But there lives not a human being who would reverence, or know, Slavery as law, were it to be turned against himself, and were it to demand a victim in himself. There lives not a human being who, were he in Slavery, would not be delivered—even though at the expense of trampling on all the Statute Books and Constitutions in the world.—Hence, there lives not a human being, who can honestly recognise a law for enslaving any one—and hence, there can be no law for enslaving any one.

We go farther, and declare that no person has the right to use as law, or know as law, even that which is law, provided that when it is applied to himself, he rejects it as law. For instance, he who resists the collection of a debt, which he owes, has no right to collect a debt, or to claim that there is a law for collecting it. The resistance, in the one case, makes him dishonest in asserting the claim in the other; and whether the thing which a man does is, in itself, right or wrong, he nevertheless must not do it, if it can be done by him only dishonestly. "Happy is he who condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." So, too, the man who lets his horse jump into his neighbour's field, is not to inquire into the law of the case when, in turn, his neighbour's horse jumps into his field. His own lawlessness estops him from claiming that there is any law in the case. Such reasoning, applied to Slavery, justifies us in saying, that if there is a person in all the world so peculiar as to welcome the yoke of Slavery, his peculiarity can furnish no plea for Slavery to those who do not welcome that yoke. It also justifies us in saying, that the question whether Slavery is good or bad, right or wrong, is entirely immaterial to our argument. Though it were possible that its elements could be all from Heaven, instead of being, as they are, all from Hell, nevertheless, no sane man could be allowed to claim that Slavery is the subject of law—of sanctioning and sanctifying law—for the simple reason, that no sane man would consent to be a slave.

We have said, that the character of Slavery is in no wise material to our argument against the possible legalization of Slavery. But we cannot forbear the the incidental remark, that it is because every man knows the character of Slavery, that every man shrinks from becoming a slave. Every man knows Slavery to be a hell of horrors. Every man would infinitely rather have all his children in the grave than one of them in that Hell.

In the light of what has been said, we see what unparalleled hypocrites are the American people. The great mass of them are for Slavery: and yet not one of them would consent to be a slave. What hypocrites are their Divines, who preach or apologize for Slavery! What hypocrites are their Churches, that do not cast these godless Divines out of the pulpit! What hypocrites are their legislators, who legislate for Slavery! What hypocrites are the tribunals, that recognise the law of Slavery! A few weeks ago, Judge McLean did, in the name of law, send his innocent brother into Slavery. What if the law-making power of Ohio should doom the Judge to Slavery? would he not sooner shed an ocean of blood than acknowledge the legality of his doom? He would: and that he would, stamps him with the most guilty and frightful dishonesty. What a painful scene does Heaven witness this week, in the Court Room in Canandaigua! A Judge is there—polluting and murdering his soul by his recognition of Slavery as law. A Marshal is there—doing likewise. So are the Government lawyers doing, who are there. But not so, we trust, are the Jurors.

Judge Hall affects respect for pro-slavery enactments; and is willing to send men into Slavery. But, though ten thousand Legislatures had pronounced his son a slave, he would sooner see a whole Court murdered than see it succeed in sending that son into Slavery.

We spoke of the Jurors. Happily, they need not concern themselves with the law of the case. They can acquit all the defendants, on the facts in the case. The Government must fail to prove, that Jerry was a slave. Slavery, it must be remembered, does not consist in the involuntary service and whippings, or in the other hardships and suffering of its victims. These are but the incidents of Slavery. Its essence consists solely in the assumed conversion of its victims into chattels. But the legal fiction, that turns a man into a thing, is at war with every possibility of fact. This fiction is, that "Slaves shall be deemed, held, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law to be chattels personal." Was Jerry a chattel personal? a mere thing? Could he be? Can a man be turned into a horse, or a stone? Can immortality be merchandise? All this is impossible. No legislation can create impossible facts. No legislation can convert a man into a slave. As well talk of making a slave of God Himself as of the being made in His own image. A million witnesses might testify that Jerry was a slave, or, in other words, a brute, a thing, a subject of traffic. But triumphant above all this false testimony would tower the proud fact, that Jerry was a man, and can be nothing else than a man, either in time or eternity.

We have said enough to justify our rescue of Jerry. We rescued him because, as we have said, there was no law and could be no law for enslaving him—because there was no law and could be no law for reducing a man from the glorious heights where his Maker placed him to the level of brutes and things. We rescued him as we would have rescued any other innocent brother from the hands of any other pirates, without pausing one moment to make the absurd inquiry, whether there was a law for the piracy. We should have been monsters instead of men had we not rescued him. To have stopped our ears when this poor brother cried, and to have forborne to deliver him when we saw him drawn unto death, would have been to incur the frown of Heaven and the contempt of earth. In a word, we rescued him because we could not help it. All in vain would it have been for us to try to dam up our nature, at that high flood time of its feelings. Those feelings would have their way. That nature would be true to itself.

A distinction has been set up between rescuing a fugitive slave from the hands of private citizens and rescuing him from the hands of official persons. Some there are who justify the former, but condemn the latter. The distinction is absurd and should never be made; or, if made, it should be made against the official persons. The "mischief framed by law," and executed by the officers of law, is the worst of all mischief, because apparently clothed with the authority of law. No mischief should be so promptly resisted as such mischief; and no persons should be so promptly punished as they who attempt to legalize it, and they who officially undertake to enforce it. The abuse of law-making and of other official powers is the most fearful wrong that can befall the people; and the most effectual way for the people to invite the perpetration of such wrong is to give in to the false and impudent doctrine that office shelters the abuse of office, and that [illegible] government is to be unresisted and unpunished, because committed by government. Every member of Congress who voted for the Fugitive Slave Act, and the President who signed it, and the Judge who administers it, should be punished for this treachery to their trust, and this conspiracy against human rights. Were the public mind sound, they would be punished. Or, rather, were the public mind sound, office would be conferred on a very different class of men. We close under this head with the remark, that crime on the part of Government is as much more to be dreaded and punished than crime on the part of the individual, as Government is more authoritative and influential than the individual.

There was a mob in Syracuse, October 1st, 1851, said the newspapers. It is true that there was. But it was not what the newspapers represented. It was not the rescuers of Jerry who composed the mob; but it was those who fell upon that poor, and helpless, and innocent man. The President and the Members of Congress, referred to, were virtually and prominently among those who fell upon him—were virtually and prominently of the mob. No other leader of that mob, unless it were Daniel Webster, or some very distinguished clerical advocate of the Fugitive Slave Act, was so conspicuous and influential as the President of the United States. Yet, it was the kidnappers of Jerry who constituted the mob. The law-abiding men were his rescuers. Jerry was rescued not *by* a mob, but *from* a mob.

Fellow-citizens! we are not ignorant that we are reproached and hated. We are called infidels; and we confess that it our deep belief that the current religion of this country is infidel, makes us infidels, then are we infidels. We confess that we have not the most distant idea that that is the religion of Jesus Christ which does not heartily espouse the cause of the slave. We are called the enemies of law; and we confess that if to be the enemies of enactments which contain not truth nor justice, nor any other element of law, makes us the enemies of law, then are we the enemies of law. We are called anarchists and despisers of Government; and we confess that if obedience to human government requires us to disobey the Divine government, and if "Honour the King" is a commandment to dishonour the King of Kings, then are we anarchists and despisers of Government.

We repeat, fellow-citizens, that we are conscious of the odium that rests upon us. We feel that we are wronged, but we are not impatient for the righting of our wrongs. We bide our time. The men that shall come after us will do us justice. The present generation of America cannot "judge righteous judgment," in the case of the uncompromising friends of freedom, religion and law. They are so debauched and blinded by Slavery, and by the perverse and low ideas of freedom, religion and law, which it engenders, that they "call evil good and good evil; put darkness for light and light for darkness; put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." They have been living out the lie of Slavery so long, and have been thereby deadening their consciences so long, as to be now well nigh incapable of perceiving the wide and everlasting distinctions between truth and falsehood.

We are aware, too, fellow-citizens, of the peril in which we are involved by our position and purpose. We have rescued one fugitive slave. We must rescue every other that we can. We have exhorted our fellow-men to trample on the Fugitive Slave Act. We must continue to exhort them to do so. We cannot recede. We owe it to ourselves, our children, our country, our God, to go forward. We cannot, for the sake of securing our property or liberty, or any of the interests of time, forget that there is an eternity. Nor may we count even our lives dear to ourselves in the high and holy cause to which we have consecrated our all. We do not claim to have risen above the fear of death. But we remember and strive to obey the commandment: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in Hell."

We have now said all we wish to say at this second celebration of the rescue of Jerry. What we shall say on the like occasion hereafter, or how often the occasion will be repeated, we cannot now tell. This much, however, we can now tell—that at every future celebration of this precious event, we shall continue to speak out our convictions honestly and fearlessly; and that we shall continue to repeat the celebration from year to year, until the impudent and lying claim that Slavery can be legalized shall be abandoned in every part of our guilty land [illegible]

ARGUMENT OF JOHN JAY, ESQ., IN THE LEMMON CASE.

From Sandford's Reports, Vol. V.

THE great question involved in this suit, the right of a master, from Virginia, a slaveholding State, to hold his slaves in this, a free State, while *in transitu* to Texas, another slave State, was definitively decided, eighty years ago, by the court of King's Bench, after a very full argument, in the case of Somerset.

The question there was, whether the law of Virginia, fixing the *status* of Somerset, should prevail over the common law of England, and here, it is, whether the law of Virginia, which fixed the *status* of these persons as slaves within its borders, shall prevail to determine their *status* in this court, over the common law of New York, as derived from the mother country, and now expressly declared by statute.

Mr. Justice Paine. In the case of *Somerset*, I think the right of passage, *in transitu*, was not the question. Was not the slave brought from Jamaica to England to remain there?

Mr. Clinton, for the defendant.

That was so, your honour; the question was on the right of the master to continue Somerset in Slavery, in England.

Mr. Jay. On the contrary, the question was, and it was so expressly declared by the court (20 Howell's State Trials, p. 79), as to the right of the master to detain the slave, for the purpose of sending him out of England, to be sold in Jamaica, precisely as it is here, upon the right of Mr. Lemmon to detain these persons, for the purpose of carrying them as slaves to Texas. Somerset, when brought before Lord Mansfield, on *habeas corpus*, was taken from on board a ship, lying in the Thames, bound for Jamaica; and the commander of the vessel, to whom the writ was addressed, and by whom the return was made, declared distinctly, that Somerset had been placed in his custody, by his master, one Charles Stewart, to be safely kept and conveyed in the said vessel, to Jamaica aforesaid, there to be sold as a slave. There was no pretence whatever that he was to be held in Slavery, in England. He had been brought there only *temporarily*, for his master's convenience, and was then actually leaving the country for one where Slavery existed: and with all respect to the learned arguments of our opponents, there is nothing that I can perceive, in this case, to except it from the governance of these great principles of English law, then so prominently recognised, in regard to human freedom.

Somerset was a native African, and had been legally reduced to servitude, under laws enacted by the British Parliament, authorizing and regulating the slave trade. He had been held as a slave, by the laws of Virginia, a British colony; he might be so held again by those of Jamaica; he had become, by purchase, under the sanction of the British colonial law, the property of Mr. Stewart. He had been taken to England from occasion of business, with the intention still continued of returning to America, and all these facts were carefully set out in the return. The counsel for the master, strenuously urged the excessive hadship and manifest impropriety of the court *disturbing this relation* thus lawfully established between Somerset and Mr. Stewart, and scornfully denied the doctrine that the air of England was too pure for a slave to breathe in. After prolonged and elaborate argument, and repeated postponements, the court unanimously decided that Somerset must be discharged. They declared, in language already quoted by my learned associate, but which the court will allow me to repeat, for the reason that the principle disposes at once of all the moral and political and social arguments that have been advanced in favour of allowing Mr. Lemmon a right of passage, *in transitu*, with his slaves through this port, that "the state of Slavery is of such a nature [illegible] of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political, but only by positive law. * * * It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law."

The case of Somerset was decided in 1772. Its authority, excepting in the cases quoted by the respondent, and which I confess are new to us, has never, that we are aware of, been questioned. Its ruling was followed in *Knight*, a negro, v. *Wedderburn*, in Scotland, in 1778, where the court held that the dominion assumed over the negro under the laws of Jamaica, being *unjust*, could not be upheld to any extent (20 Howell's State Trials, p. 2, note); and in the more recent case of *Forbes* v. *Cochran* (2 Barnwell and Cresswell 448), where the court of King's Bench decided that 38 slaves who had escaped from a plantation in East Florida to a ship of war on the high seas, became thereby free.

The decision in Somerset's case, occurring before our Revolution, became a part of that common law which, according to all our reliable authorities (Chief Justice Marshall, Mr. Duponceau, Chancellor Kent, and many other both in the federal and State courts), as absolutely belongs to us as it did to our ancestors before the separation from Great Britain. The pre-eminence of the common law is recognised on the ground that it is based upon the higher law of God; and Chief Justice Taylor, of North Carolina, in the case of the *State* v. *Reed*, declared it to be of "paramount obligation to the statute," because "founded upon the law of nature and confirmed by revelation."

In opposition to the doctrine of the Somerset case, the court is referred, by the respondent, to a newspaper report of a recent alleged decision of Judge Grier, of Pennsylvania, in the case of *Oliver*, v. *Kauffman and others*, for harbouring and secreting slaves, wherein it seems to have been held, that the plea offered in defence, that the slaves had been previously made free by being carried by their master from Maryland to Kentucky, through Pennsylvania, was insufficient: since to determine the status of the slaves at the time of the escape for which the suit was brought, the court must look only to the law of the State whence they had escaped. The decision itself seems to have been expressly limited to that particular case. But Judge Grier is reported to have remarked, and the counsel for the defendants have laid great stress on his language, that "Lord Mansfield said many pretty things in the case of Somerset, which are often quoted as the principles of the common law, but that they deserve to be classed with rhetorical flourishes rather than with legal dogmas."

Apart from the improbability that any gentleman occupying a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States would permit himself thus to speak of so eminent a Judge, and so well established a principle of law, which has again and again been recognised by the American judiciary (*Greenwood* v. *Curtis* per Sedgwick, J., 6 Mass. R. 366; Mr. Justice Story's remarks thereon in Conflict of Laws, 215, note; C. J. Marshall in the case of the Antelope, 10 Wheaton, 420; *Jones* v. *Wheaton*, 2 McLean 596), the court will observe at a glance, on looking at the case of Somerset, in 20 Howell's State Trials, that Lord Mansfield was most anxious to escape the necessity of pronouncing a judgment. That on its first coming before him, he strongly recommended that it be accommodated by agreement, declaring that if the parties would insist upon a decision, they must have it, without reference to compassion on the one hand, or inconvenience on the other, but simply to the law, and that the setting of 14,000 or 15,000 men (that being the estimated number of slaves then in England) at once loose, by a solemn opinion, was very disagreeable in the effects it threatened—but notwithstanding, if the parties would have judgment, *fiat justitia, ruat calum*.

That these distinct intimations were given on the conclusion of the argument, and before the day for pronouncing the opinion of the court, and that when no compromise having been effected as he recommended, the court were compelled to give judgment, he rendered their judgment with unusual brevity, after a short statement of the case, and so far from indulging in "rhetorical flourishes," his opinion occupied scarcely more than twenty lines, while the arguments of counsel had been spread over 70 pages.

We respectfully submit, therefore, that it would be clearly unjust and improper, upon an unauthenticated newspaper report, to assume that Judge Grier has either denied this fundamental principle of our common law, or thrown ridicule on an opinion which he never read—a proper respect for the judicial bench forbids us to regard this extraordinary report as other than an exaggerated sketch, or possibly a malicious libel.

As to the other cases to which the court has been referred, that of *Sessalt's Slaves* in Indiana (3 Am. Jurist 404), and of *Willard* v. *The People*, in Illinois, by Judge Douglass (4 Scammon 461), as affirming the right of transit with slaves through a free State, it would indeed seem that in some of the border States, a few individual judges have been, by their views of political expediency, led to ignore the inflexible principles of the common law touching the natural right of personal liberty, to meet the wishes and interests of their slaveholding neighbours, especially when no State statute like that of New York has positively declared the law, and limited the discretion of the courts. But your honour will find, on examining the reasonings of those cases, that they are *not law*.

Mr. Lemmon, then, to retain these slaves for the purpose of carrying them to Texas, must show a *positive statute, binding upon this court*, authorising him to hold them in servitude while *in transitu* through the State of New York; calling them property, and invoking the law of nations and the comity of States, and appealing to the constitutional provisions in regard to commerce, will not help him.

The learned counsel have omitted to show, for the simple reason that it was impossible, that the law of nations recognises property in man. The *lex loci* establishing such property has no force beyond its territorial limits. The comity of States will not help them, since, for centuries past, as shown by the examples of the united provinces of Holland, the Austrian Netherlands, France, Great Britain (see authorities cited in Mr. Hargrave's argument in the Somerset case, 20 Howell's State Trials, pages 61, et seq), and America, that comity recognises neither slaves nor slavery. Even in the State of Maryland, the slaves of a St. Domingo master, who had fled to their border, was declared free, although he had been sold since his arrival (*Fulton* v. *Lewis*, Hen. & John. 564). The principle of comity has no application to systems or laws that offend against morality, that contravene the policy and principles of the State, or that violate natural justice and the law of God; and Slavery, in the judgment of the common law, offends in all these particulars.

But it is contended, that apart from the doctrine of comity between foreign States, the Constitution of the United States, exercising a superintending power and control over the States of the Union, has given to Mr. Lemmon the right to hold as property in the State of New York, that which was his property by the laws of Virginia, and the court is referred, in support of this proposition, to the provision "that faith and credit shall be given in each State, to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State." (Art. 4, § 1.)

I confess myself unable to understand the bearing of that provision on the question before us—giving full faith and credit to the public acts of Virginia, and fully admitting the averments in the demurrer, that her laws permitted the Slavery of these persons and their exportation to Texas. What has that to do with the validity of our laws, and their operation upon these persons, when brought by the respondent *within our jurisdiction?* If the question before the court related to fugitives from service under the laws of Virginia, then the validity of those laws might perhaps be questioned by those sought to be affected by them, for it is established as a general rule that the courts of one State have power to decide on the validity of legislative acts of another State when the question arises in a case within their jurisdiction (*Stoddard* v. *Smith*, 5 Binney 355, 8 Pick. 194); and it is declared to be not only their right, but their duty, to declare null and void statutes which violate the Constitution of the United States, or the plain and obvious principles of common [illegible] (see decision of cases cited in 1 United States Digest, p. 553, of the power of courts to declare legislative acts unconstitutional).

But here it is unnecessary at all to consider the validity of the laws of Virginia under which these persons were reduced to servitude, for they have passed beyond their sway. By the act of the claimant himself they stand in our free State, and share with him the protection of our laws.

"The relations of the United States to each other in regard to all matters not surrendered to the general government by the national constitution, are those of foreign States, in close friendship, each being sovereign and independent" (1 Greenleaf on Evid., § 489), and the very clause in the Constitution which limits the sovereignty of the States in regard to fugitives from service (Art. 4, § 3), and declares that "no person held to service or labour in one State by the laws thereof, *escaping into another*, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour shall be due," recognises, by direct implication, the *right* of each State to discharge, by such laws and regulations as it may deem fit, all persons held to service or labour in other States who may come within their territory, *otherwise than by escape*, no matter who may claim them, nor to whom, under the slave code of other States, their service or labour may be due. That right was never yielded by New York in the constitutional compact, but being thus reserved and declared in the compact, she did, of her own accord, waive it for a season, by the enactment of the law permitting slaveholders to bring their slaves into the State and take them again from the State, during a space of nine months. With the repeal of that law in 1841, the common law, as declared in the case of Somerset, resumed its sway, making every slave *other than a fugitive*, the instant he touches our soil, a *free man*. This principle Mr. Justice Story declares, and his authority will outweigh all the cases cited against it, pervades the non-slaveholding States in America (Conflict of Laws, 92), and its correctness has been repeatedly and honourably recognised by the Southern courts (*ex parte* Simmons, *Maria Louise* v. *Marot*, 9 Louis. R. 473; *Smith* v. *Smith*, 13 Louis. R. 441; *David* v. *Porter*, 4 Har. and McHen. 418; *Davis* v. *Jaquin*, 5 Har. and J. 107, note; *Fulton* v. *Lewis*, 3 Har. and J. 564.) (*a*.)

But New York, to prevent the possibility of any mistake on the point, or any relaxation of the principle, has re-enacted and published it to the world, declaring, in language so plain as to defy the most ingenious efforts of counsel to perplex, that she will not tolerate Slavery for any conceivable motive, or for an instant of time.

Upon the point submitted by the respondent, that the law is unconstitutional and should be so determined by your honour, I shall not further detain the court by submitting a reply. I will but remark in conclusion, that interesting and important as the case may be regarded by the counsel for the respondents, and by the citizens of the slaveholding States, as involving what, by their laws, are held rights of property, it is interesting and important to a large portion of our countrymen on far higher grounds, as involving the sovereign right of each State within its own limits, excepting in the single case of fugitives from service, to regulate, on principles of equal justice, its own internal polity; to reject and forbid foreign interference with our free institutions; to maintain in its purity the common law, and to protect in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—rights once declared by this nation at large to be inalienable—every slave who is brought within our limits, no matter how humble his condition, nor how powerful the State or the parties who would reduce him again to servitude.

(*a*.) In the recent case of *Lucy Brown* v. *Perrifer Smith*, in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, which was not quoted in the argument, Lucy claimed her freedom on the ground that she had been brought to New York during the continuance of the law allowing slaves to be detained there 9 months, and declaring them free after that period—and that she had resided there more than one year. The opinion of the court was delivered by *Eustis, Chief Justice*, and it was "held, that under the state of facts presented, the plaintiff must be regarded as having acquired her freedom, with the consent of her master, by her residence in New York, which states she did not lose by subsequently being taken *back into slave territory*."

The view taken by the Criminal Court of Louisiana, in 1841, of the point raised by the counsel for the respondent, that *a right of transit* with slaves is not forbidden by a state absolutely forbidding the introduction of slaves, appears from the following letter of the Attorney-General of the State, which explains generally the facts of the case. Williams had been arrested *in transitu*, imprisoned, tried, found guilty, his negroes, 14 in number, confiscated, and himself fined $1,200, which was expiated by one year's imprisonment.

Attorney-General's Office,
New Orleans, June 11, 1841.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of the 8th instant, I take pleasure in stating that, on the trial of Mr. William Williams, in the Criminal Court of the first district, for having brought or imported into this State certain slaves convicted of capital crimes in the State of Virginia, no evidence whatever was offered that Mr. Williams either sold or attempted to sell any of those slaves in the State of Louisiana. It was proved, on the contrary, by two witnesses, that when asked whether the slaves were for sale, Mr. Williams answered in the negative, and said he was going to Texas with them. I took the ground that the mere fact of bringing such slaves into the State was a violation of the statute, and constituted the offence of which Mr. Williams stood charged. This proposition was sustained by the court. Yours very respectfully, O. ROUSSEAU.

JOHN B. GRIMES, Esq. (present).

ANOTHER WORD TO OUR ASSAILANTS.

[From Frederick Douglass's Paper.]

IT may be [illegible] to drub, just here, a [illegible] to the *Liberator*, *Standard*, and *Pennsylvania Freeman*, that the systematic and would-be skilfully directed assaults upon us, which they have commenced, without just provocation, and which they have continued without mercy or mitigation, shall, if they do not sufficiently repel themselves, be repelled by us, at the very first *convenient* opportunity. For the present, however, we ask that our adversaries may hold us excused, and endure our silence with patience.

A series of appointments in *Illinois*, arranged as far back as the National Coloured Convention, will, for some time yet to come, require our presence in that State, and the full employment of all our energies. This may seem like slighting the entertainment to which the journals above-named have so pressingly invited us; but a war upon the *pro-slavery* Black Laws of Illinois is far more congenial to our taste, and far better suited to the aims of our towering ambition, than warding off the fratricidal blows of any class of Abolitionists. We can only say a word to each of the journals at parting; indeed, we could not do much more than this if we remained in the editorial field, for any one of the *three papers singly*, gifted as is each of their conductors, might manage to say enough every week to engage as much of our attention, and to occupy as much space as we like to devote to mere personalities; but, when all the three papers speak at once, we can do little more than bow a recognition to each, and silently receive their fire. We wonder it does not occur to our assailants, that while they are complaining of our "self-importance," "*egotism*," and so-forth, they are to blame for it all. The very fact of marshalling such a force against us as they have now done, must necessarily increase our estimate of our own consequence.

One word to the *Standard* man in particular. You seem, dear sir, to be in much pain because your abuseful tirades have not found their way into our columns. This is very natural, and perhaps unavoidable. Be commended to patience, bear with fortitude, and learn wisdom by this intructive experience. Perhaps the admirably-affected belief that we are afraid to let our readers see the many terrible things you are saying against us, may prove some solace in your misery; nevertheless your torture is self-inflicted, richly deserved, and must be borne for a time longer. You might possibly derive, however, a little consolation from your affectation of bravery, if you show yourself a little more brave than you have hitherto done, by really *copying*, instead of *garbling*, our article upon the Framingham demonstration, in which we completely defended ourselves (we think) from every allegation of unfriendliness upon which, to your own sense of propriety and fair dealing. We insist upon nothing in this, Mr. Johnson, in the [illegible] and shall *personally*, be as well pleased if you *don't* as if you *do*, publish the article in question. Whatever is most comfortable to you, in your misery, that pursue, wholly independent of any suggestions from us.

Another thing; if, for malice or amusement, or both, you contine to draw portraits of us, with our features so horribly distorted, don't be surprised if we deny the likeness. The portrait that you took last week was not "*Frederick Douglass*," but some monster of pride, ambition, and selfishness—some imp of infernal darkness—possibly some gloomy companion of your own diseased imagination; and to write over it our name, was as basely *libellous* as it was intensly *malicious*.

As to the *Freeman*, it speaks with a borrowed voice, and to answer the sound is to answer the echo. If it desired to promote simple justice in the premises, it would have quoted our articles fairly. To quote our denunciations, and to suppress the reasons for them, as in the inception of this quarrel it did, convinced us that fair dealing was to form no part of its tactics.

In regard to Mr. Garrison, we have no disposition to say *one* word. God and all His holy angels know that our language, in respect to him, *everywhere*, at home and abroad, has been that of love and respect, bordering on reverence; and those who dare assert to the contrary, are simply *liars*. For what he now says of us (although *wholly undeserved*), we can most easily forgive him. We are inclined to believe that the time *will come* when our labours, our character, and our position will be more *fully* comprehended, and more favourably regarded by him than at present. If we have sometimes confounded ill-natured attacks upon ourselves, with attacks upon the principles which we advocate, our offence is somewhat mitigated by the no mean array of examples of the same error which might be pleaded.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To the Editor of Saunders's [Dublin] News-Letter.

35 Eccles Street, 14th Sept., 1853.

SIR: Your Virginia correspondent, A. N. Lawrence, has not learned that "discretion is the better part of valour," or he would have passed by my exposure of his unwise—unwise, because they have no foundation in truth—boastings without notice; but, as "fools rush in where wise men fear to tread," so this valorous Southerner has, by his want of discretion, given me a fair opportunity of again bringing under the notice of my countrymen the subject of Slavery in America. My object in doing so is, to impress on their minds the necessity of such a bearing towards Americans who travel in this land, as will convince them that Irishmen are, in truth, haters of Slavery; that our demand is for immediate and unqualified emancipation of the slave, wherever and by whomsoever he may be held in bondage. The American Abolitionist who visits us is worthy of all honour, and should be treated as a friend and a brother. The slaveholder, or the abettor of Slavery, should be made to feel that there is no welcome here for him. Yet I would not treat even these parties with unkindness. The Americans are a people peculiarly sensitive to European public opinion, so that if we deal faithfully with them in relation to their flagrant violations of their own glorious "Declaration of Independence" which guarantees freedom, as a natural right, to all the inhabitants of their Union, we shall serve them individually, by awakening their conscience to a just sense of their violated duties; and we shall bless them nationally by hastening that day in which, by their proclamation of justice to their coloured brethren, they shall wipe away the ban and reproach of the civilized world, which now rests as a heavy curse on the slaveholding portion of their great confederation.

Mr. Lawrence says my charges against them are untrue, but he has failed to point out where I have deviated, in the least degree, from the truth. Indeed his own words are a confirmation of the correctness of my statements. He says he is "no slaveholder nor its advocate, but it is within their borders;" "he is an admirer of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster—the former, while living, a bitter opponent of emancipation; the latter, towards the close of his life, in order to conciliate Southern regard, and in his anxiety to be seated in the Presidential Chair, belied the promise of long previous years, and obtained the just reward of his recreancy, not even a single Southern vote having been cast for him at the election." It is said his heart was broke at this utter failure of his hopes. History will record, that the splendid intellectual powers of Webster were blasted by the blighting influences of Slavery.

Mr. Lawrence further says—"We all lament the position we are in: at least seven tenths." By this curious mode of expression I am inclined to think he was rather afraid, when penning his unwise epistle, that his words would tell against him at home, and perhaps prepare for him a coat of tar and feathers at the hands of his liberty-loving subjects; so, to get out of this dilemma, he saved the rights of three-tenths, or about six millions of his white friends, who may yet claim to consider Slavery as a Divine institution, and its administration in Virginia—slave breeding and all—as a most Christian and excellent mode of "loving our neighbours as ourselves," which duty he is careful to tell us millions of his countrymen (slaveholders of course included) pray every Sabbath day to be enabled to do. His fling at "old mother Stowe, and all such miserable swaddlers," is, in itself, good evidence of the animus of the man. The truth is, Mr. Lawrence is the worst type of an American pro-slavery man. He professes, while in Europe, to dislike a system which, at home, he upholds in all its deformity.

The only honest supporter of Slavery in America is the man who boldly declares that the negro is a brute, and not a man; there is consistency in this claim to property; but he who admits the common humanity of the coloured man, and who yet holds him as a slave, professing at the same time to be guided by Christianity, and to be an upholder of the noble American Declaration of Independence, is an inconsistent character, and one who should not be treated by Irishmen with any marked kindness or hospitality.

I have no desire unnecessarily to wound the feelings of Americans, but when they travel in countries not cursed with Slavery they should be clearly given to understand that their maintenance of a system so utterly opposed to the rights of humanity—in a land professing beyond all other lands to be governed by the principles of justice, and truth, and freedom—cannot pass without entire condemnation. Americans who are worthy of our esteem will respect us the more highly when they see us true to our principles; and, what is better still, we shall respect ourselves. Irishmen, be honest and true in your expressions of abhorrence of Slavery, for ages you have had to complain of oppression, so that you should have sympathy with the oppressed everywhere. The greatest oppression under the sun is American Slavery, because it is inflicted by a people who make the loudest boast of liberty and equality. I expect that this letter will terminate my trespass on your space, and I remain, yours faithfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN MINISTERS, AND SLAVERY.

[From the (London) Inquirer.]

TO THE EDITOR—*Sir*: When alluding, at the "Western Christian Union," at Cheltenham, to a sermon of the Rev. J. H. Allen's, of Bangor, Maine (as reported in the *Inquirer* of May 14th, and complained of by Mr. Allen in your number for August 13th), I referred to it from memory, not having had access to the phamplet since 1851, when it was for a few days in my possession.

Whatever impression the two discourses may have left on my mind as to the want of sympathy felt by Mr. Allen in the Anti-Slavery cause, I am, on re-perusing them, bound to confess myself in error in placing him in precisely the same category with Dr. Gannett, and in stating that Mr. Allen "recommended obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law." As I am anxious to be scrupulously exact in the statements I make respecting the course of any regret that I am unwilling to refer to these discourses before the meeting of the Western Christian Union, occasioned the inaccuracy with which I am chargeable, and for which I apologize to Mr. Allen. Mistaken as I was, however in regard to Mr. Allen's having specifically enjoined the surrender of the fugitive, a careful re-perusal of his phamplet shows me that I in no respect exaggerated to my own mind the general tendency of his argument. In that spirit of "fair and friendly discussion," to which Mr. Allen is willing his phamplet should be subjected, I must be permitted to say, that it affords a specimen of that "see-saw" compromising style of writing—a one moment a few words for the slave, and then more for his oppressor—sometimes admitting the claims of the "higher law," at others advocating those of an imperative expediency—so often adopted by American mininisters of all denominations who profess a horror of Slavery, but limit their efforts for its removal to condemnation of the Abolitionists. Mr. Allen's pamphlet would be quite satisfactory to slaveholders, and not the less so for its favourable estimate of their pet scheme of colonization. The occasion of its publication is noticeable. It was delivered on the first Thanksgiving day after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Law. Many earnest Unitarian Ministers were, at this period, incurring odium and personal risk, and injuring their worldly prospects by fearless condemnation of this iniquitous enactment, and stirring appeals to that "Higher Law," of which it was a violation. In a discourse delivered on this same Thanksgiving day, entitled, "The Limits of Civil Obedience," the Rev. Nathaniel Hall declared "Government may sin against me, but it may not compel me to inflict injury upon another whom God is telling me to befriend. If it (the Union) can be preserved only by adeliberate compromise with oppresion and wrong, by a smothering and denial of the sacred sentiments of humanity, then the time has come in the purposes of God, so declared in this very fact, for its dissolution."

The Rev. S. J. May proclaimed that he should throw open his doors to afford shelter and food to the persecuted fugitive, and adds, "if the Union of

mity, and measures originated for its repeal; and he advises that the Anti-Slavery agitation should be henceforth discontinued, and its advocates direct their energies into less exciting channels, the "Temperance" cause, the care of "the blind and idiotic and insane," &c., in which works "will be no prejudices of clime or nation, no railing accusations, none of that unhealthy and injurious condition of moral antagonism to the civil and religious institutions of society."

All-important as it is to have faith in an overruling Providence, it is surely a woeful perversion of that sacred doctrine when we presume so to read the designs of Providence as to become quiet participants, or even unmoved spectators of violent wrongs. Such an opiate trust is a miserable counterfeit of the genuine feeling! Such being the tenor of Mr. Allen's argument, I trust I shall be exonerated from the charge of international exaggeration, though I certainly have been guilty of verbal inaccuracy when, in my only reference to him, I stated from memory that, "the Rev. J. H. Allen, of Bangor, Maine, has printed a sermon in praise of the Union, urging for its maintenance obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law."

Your editorial remark, "that Mr. Allen's strong reaction from the views of the Anti-Slavery party has misled Mr. Estlin," is not a correct explanation, and may confuse some of your readers,

Mr. Allen's "studiously abstract language" is perfectly intelligible to me; his objection is not to the "views" of any one "party" of Abolitionists merely, but to any movement against Slavery which may come into collision with existing interests. You say "he is clearly Anti-Slavery in principle," but so are nine-tenths of the ministers in the United States, yet while they neither bid the labourers for emancipation God speed, nor show some better mode of action than those with which they find fault, but little credit is due to them for their Anti-Slavery professions.

In conclusion, I beg to assure you that it gives me no satisfaction to comment upon the shortcomings of the Unitarians of America on the Slavery question; but having long paid much attention to the subject, being convinced of the truth of the charge proved by James G. Birney fifteen years ago, and recently demonstrated by Mrs. Stowe in her "Key," that the churches of America are the "Bulwarks of Slavery;" and having ascertained with grief that the Unitarians, as a body, are no less culpable than other sects, I am desirous, when suitable occasions present themselves, to [illegible] while I can —and during the [illegible] where the ability may remain —to bring to the respectful notice of the English brethern, those courageous and philanthropic ministers in America, who are conferring honour on the Unitarian cause, by bearing its cross as well as by preaching its doctrines.—I remain, Sir, yours faithfully, J. B. ESTLIN.

Bristol, Aug. 25, 1853.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY, AND FALSE.

[The following is an extract from a letter written by NATHANIEL H. WETHERELL, of Marshfield, Mass., in reply to an anonymous communication received by him. We copy from the *Liberator*.]

I think you have some cause to fear for the stability and permanence of that religion, which, passing under the name of Christianity, finds its home in the government of such nations as Russia, Austria, France, England, and slaveholding America. As sure as the night of superstition and political despotism is fading away before the growing light of knowledge and freedom, just so true it that such a religion must fall. Yes, that religion which buys and sells men, women and children, drives them to unpaid toil, and herds them together like cattles—which passes Fugitive Slave Laws, and makes a nation of bloodhounds where there should be a nation of freemen—which is represented by such men as Rev. Joel Parker, who declares "there are no evils in slavery but such as are inseparable from every other condition in life;" by Dr. Spring, who says, "If by one prayer I could liberate every slave in the land, I would not offer that prayer;" by Dr. Dewey, who would "send his *mother* into Slavery to save the Union;" by Dr. Sharp, who "would obey the Fugitive Slave Law, whether wise or unwise, good or evil, right or wrong;" that religion which has trailed itself along through rivers of blood—which recognizes the "divine right of kings" to blind, rob and murder the people, and to "reign by the grace of God"—which, under the name of Catholic or Protestant, drove the Huguenots out of France, forbid the Catholics to educate their own children, sent the Pilgrims on their wintry voyage across the ocean, hung the Quakers, banished the Baptists, and established the rack, the stake, the gallows, to punish heretics for the glory of God; that religion whose Alpha and Omega consists in subscribing to a and partaking of the sacrament, with full permission to drive as hard bargains as possible, or do anything else which the law of the State does not pronounce a *crime*, on every other day of the week; that religion which eulogizes drunkards and debauchees, authors of slave-hunting laws, practical *atheists*, denying that there is any higher law than the statute-book, any other God than the American Constitution; eulogizing them as saints, or patterns of morality, providing they signify their belief in the popular creed, and *condescend* to take the name of Christian; that religion which pursues with the "mad-dog" cry of "Infidel," and brands as unworthy of the public confidence, all those who do not believe in the infallibility of a book, and in the peculiar sanctity of Sunday, though their lives are ever so upright and useful; that religion which looks upon *profession* as better than *practice*—a dogma, a creed, as better than a life; such a religion must go down under the expansion and elevation of the human mind: and it ought to go down, "deeper than plummet and line have ever sounded," with the curses of every liberal and aspiring soul upon its head.

But the religion taught in the life and precepts of Jesus of Nazareth—which feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, liberates the captive, draws a cord of love around the great human family, is "peace on earth and good will to men," this will live, and grow, and expand, through the bright sunlight of eternity. Its leaves are for the healing of the nations. This is a religion that commends itself to the heart, to the understanding and conscience of every man. It does not depend for its vitality upon the truth of the material miracles recorded in the New Testament, nor a belief in the plenary inspiration of the Bible. This religion will live, because it is good—is adapted to human wants, leads to the emancipation of the race from Slavery, both of body and mind, an unites them in one bond of brotherhood. It will live, because its fundamental principles are *eternal veritie*, true now, and always true. As true before the shepherds heard the song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem, as after the final catastrophe in the advent of the Son of man." This religion is essential to the growth, and even to the life of humanity. *About this there need be no fears.* Let us only be imbued with its spirit, and we shall not need "Venerable Reviews" to teach us there is a God. We shall feel him to be a necessity of our nature. We shall perceive him in our affections, in our hopes; in our aspirations for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True; in that "longing after immortality," found alike in Pagan, Mahometan and Christian. We shall not then turn pale with fear, and fancy the Universe, with its Author, is going to be blotted out, in consequence of the speculations of men, who, looking at the idea of God only through the intellect, blunder at last into a series of negations, which would, as certainly, lead to a denial of their own existence as that of the Deity. The worst form of infidelity is not by any means that which denies the *name* of God, or the personal immortality of the soul. It is that which professes to believe in God and the vicarious atonement of his son, and then denies him in the persons of his wronged and suffering children. This abounds everywhere; especially in the so-called "Church of Christ." For the Church, in its organized form, when it has become popular, and the established religion in any country, has always been on the side of the oppressor. I know this will be regarded as a reckless and libellous assertion by most people; but history will bear me out in it, surely; that in all ages, the religion of a country, when it has been married to the State, and thus become corrupted by the possession of worldly power, has ever been opposed to reform, and the liberties of the masses. This by no means proves there is no such thing as "pure and undefiled religion, which visits the widow and the fatherless, and keeps itself unspotted from the world;" but it shows that much passing about as such is *counterfeit*—a cloak for sanctified tyranny and heartless villany: or else has degenerated into *cant*, "a sort of rag currency, once, perhaps, a sign of bullion, but giving promises to pay now from empty coffers."

It is easy to wear long faces, make long prayers, and eat bread and drink wine in the name of a "crucified Saviour." This is done by the greatest robbers and oppressors the world ever saw; by men who fatten on the unpaid toil of the outcast and imbrued slave, and sell him on the auction block to obtain money for the conversion of the heathen; compassing sea and land to make proselytes, and leaving them two-fold more the children of perdition than they were before, by teaching them, in addition to all the other vices which fester and grow under a spurious Christianity, to

"Break the bondman's heart for bread,
Pour the bondmen's blood for wine,"

in confirmation of the infinite love manifested in that sublime death on the hill of Calvary, eighteen hundred years ago. To be a sincere follower of the meek and lowly Jesus—to be an earnest and genuine friend of the poor and needy—requires a sacrifice of ease, worldly comfort, and reputation. In an age like ours, those who can make this sacrifice are not numerous, nor "*respectable*." They do not sit in high places, nor fare sumptuously in Church or State. But they love right, truth, and justice, though they may not worship books, nor become enslaved to worn-out forms and creeds.

EMANCIPATION IN JAMAICA.

A STAPLE argument of the chivalric upholders of negro Slavery is to point to the condition of the Jamaica blacks. We are told that the liberation of the slaves there has proved a total failure, that they are worse off than ever, that the condition is pitiable, and that the interests of the Island are ruined. After all, if it could be fairly proved that in their present state of transition, owing to emancipation, there was a clear declension in their morals and happiness, such as is asserted to exist, it would prove nothing in favour of human bondage. We have yet to learn that because a man's labour produces more under the lash than without it, he should be lashed, or that his morals would be improved by buying and selling him. We are far from believing that any idle Southern gentlemen among us who luxuriate in fashionable life either at home or abroad, should be put into the factory or the field, and made to work under the blows of the overseer's whip, although their annual wages would amount to millions. We believe in the higher law. We believe that no man has a right to profit by the weakness, ignorance or poverty of his neighbour, and enslave him therefor. We scout and contemn, accordingly, the logic which tells us that the negroes of Jamaica produced so many hogsheads of sugar under the lash, and that now they produce so many less. If we cannot have sugar without Slavery, let us do without sugar. Sugar is sweet, but freedom is sweeter. But it is a falsehood to assert that we cannot have sugar without Slavery. France now produces annually seventy millions pounds weight of Beet Sugar, the result of free labour, and the quantity is steadily increasing and the price coming down. If sugar plantations were abolished, our Northern ingenuity would rush to fill up the vacuum with sugar made from beets, or some other substance, and the ingenuities and economies produced by free labour would soon compensate for the superior saccharine expression of the cane. So too if cotton were annihilated, Northern experiments on flax would give us a substitute. The idea that men must be held in bondage on account of considerations of commerce is worthy of Judas Iscariot—worse in fact, for he had the good taste to hang himself after the commission of his crime.

We are led to these remarks from an examination of the actual workings of emancipation in Jamaica. The slaves there are subject simply to the laws of the realm. They are amenable to punishment just as are the whites and no more. Of course, whatever crimes they commit are not punished by thirty-nine lashes privately on the plantation, but they are brought to trial publicly and legally. It is true there appear more crimes than formerly, because under the slave system these were prime matters for the most part, and expiated by the whip; now they are all patent. The same thing obtains under all despotisms. In Russia and Turkey we do not hear of crimes to any extent, because there are no public newspapers worth speaking of; but as we travel from the East to the West, and finally arrive on our shores, we find some two thousand newspapers, vivified by the magical telegraph, illuminating every dark hole where wrong is committed—even on our slave plantations to some degree. It is folly, therefore, for the defenders of the huge evil of Slavery, to hold up Jamaica as an evidence of the indiscretion of striking off the chains of slaves because of the increased crime which has ensued upon such emancipation. When we can tell exactly what was the crime before emancipation took place, we shall be enabled to know really the declension of morals assumed to have taken place. What we do know of Slavery is, that theft is common to those in bondage, as they are wanting in personal responsibility and dignity. John Randolph reported that he never knew an honest slave, except Juba; and we opine that saintly Uncle Toms are the exception, and not the rule.

The *Kingston Journal* utterly denies the failure of emancipation in that island, and we hardly need say that such local authority is valuable. It says from the example around it, Americans need not be alarmed at freeing their negroes, lest such a step should be followed by a revolt of the liberated. No mighty change says the *Kingston Journal*, was ever known to have taken place, so peaceably as the emancipation in that island; and it adds, that a very large number of those who were themselves owned in 1834, are now, in 1853, and have for some time been the owners of landed property, some of them to, comparatively, a considerable extent.

According to the same excellent and conclusive authority on this subject, depraved negroes exist in Jamaica in abundance; for blacks form the greater portion of the population, just as in countries where whites predominate, white criminals abound. But it asserts roundly, and challenges contradiction, that in the short period of fifteen years, the race has improved—not only improved, but progressed beyond what might have been readily anticipated. "On the whole," continues our authority, "if the example of the experiment, as "it is called in Jamaica, is to be invoked, the Americans have not the shadow of an excuse for continuing "Slavery in their Southern States for twelve months "longer."

[illegible] papers to this? What says We seek the truth in this weighty question, and not the mere triumph of argument.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1853.

REACTION.

REACTION seems to be as fixed a law of the Moral as of the Material Universe. If a bow is strongly bent, it springs back to its equilibrium with a force exactly proportioned to that employed to disturb it. If a cannon ball strike a substance capable of resisting its impulse, it rebounds with a velocity in just proportion to the explosive power that gave it motion. The laws of physical action and reaction are capable of mathematical demonstration and of being laid down with mathematical exactness. If the conditions are known, the results can be predicted with absolute certainty. The laws of moral reaction are, doubtless, as fixed and inevitable as those of physics; but, from their nature, they cannot be reduced to formulas. We cannot put our hands on the invisible forces of the mind and say, at this point they will have reached the degree of resistance which is sufficient to turn them back upon themselves and make their future course retrograde. And yet this moral law is one to be taken into the account and allowed for in the development of the world's political history, as it goes on around us, as the analogous law of physics must be regarded in the development of the world's material history, as read in the multiplication, manipulation and distribution of its productions. A due consideration of it teaches hope as well as caution. If we may not believe that things will always go on improving from a point where they seem prosperous and hopeful, so we may be sure that they will not always stay at the lowest point to which the crime or the despair of men may have depressed them.

All history is but the Annals of Reaction. All the successive acts by which Constitutional Liberty has been secured are but the records of the rebound of human nature from the unnatural direction given to it by the pressure of tyranny. And whenever the rebound has been from Liberty to Tyranny, it has been from the undue strain given to the bow in the opposite direction. The Reformation was the Reaction produced by the overweening Corruptions of the Church of Rome. Puritanism and the Emigration to New England the natural rebound of earnest minds from the Papal prerogative transferred to the King and the Bishops. The French Revolution was produced by the mind of the Nation springing forward when released from the tension that held it back so many ages, and the very violence of its forward impulse hurled it back again under the Imperial despotism of Napoleon. So of her subsequent history. One wave of Reaction wafted Napoleon to St. Helena, and another Charles X. to Holyrood. Yet another, and Louis Phillip was washed from the Tuileries to Claremont, and now on the crest of the last the Nephew of his Uncle rides despotically triumphant. And so of all the Revolutions and Reactions of 1848 and '49. The human mind is ever in a state of ebb and flow. The wave breaks on the beach and then retires by the same law that urged it on. But one who watches long enough and looks curiously will discern that, after all, the tide gradually gains upon the opposing land until it has achieved its destined height. And thus far in the world's history the analogy still holds good, and as soon as the tide of prosperity and freedom are at their height, it begins to recede, and to leave the sands of its existence bleak and sterile as before. But this need not be.

Our own history is full of the same alternations. The loyal subjects of 1763, when England had just relieved the Colonies from the fear of France, resulted in the rebels of 1775, when the strong hand of power would hold them too strongly to the line of subjection. The adoption of the Federal Government, and all the Parties and Questions arising under it, were all the flowings backward and forward of an ever moving ocean of mind, but still as obedient to general laws as the mystic dance of the billows. But, especially, the operation of this law is to be seen where the maliga influences of Slavery are to be seen (as where are they not?) busy with our destinies. The most marked revulsions of feeling and revolutions in policy are to be looked for in that direction. When the enthusiasm of the Revolution had not lost their effect, there was a strong movement against Slavery, resulting in its Abolition in the Northern States, and a strong tendency to that result in some of the frontier Southern States. But there action soon was felt in the South, and Emancipation became a dream of the night, and the torper extended to the North for years, disturbed only by the temporary excitement consequent on the Admission of Louisiana. In 1820 the obvious advantage which the extension of Slavery into Missouri would give to Slavery in the political relations of the country produced a strong and deep excitement on the subject. But the North yielded, and the reaction was so strong in the other direction, that men who talked of Disunion in 1820 were ready to lead Mobs in 1835 to put down the simple discussion of the merits of Slavery, Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston, Thompson was hunted like a wild beast out of the country, Lovejoy was shot down at Alton, Pennsylvania Hall was consumed with fire, and it seemed as if the pendulum had swung to its extremest point in that direction. And it had for the time.

Presently it began to oscillate the other way. The outrageous conduct of the Slaveholders and their Northern abettors had produced its natural effect on multitudes of men. The persistent agitation of the question of Slavery had spread light and knowledge on the subject far and wide. The change in men's minds began to be seen in Legislative Resolves, in Laws for the protection of liberty, in an attempt to resist the Larceny of Texas, and at length, in 1848, the Year of Resolutions, in the Buffalo platform and a great Anti-Slavery party, as it seemed, rallying around Mr. Van Buren. It looked to many as if the day of Deliverance was indeed at hand. Men marvelled that the Abolitionists who had been bearing the heat and burden of so many days of toil should not hasten to pursue the triumph and partake the gale which was to bring us all, black and white, safe into the harbour of Emancipation. But they were too well versed in the philosophy of Reaction to be deceived even by those plausible appearances. Wait a little, they said, and we will see whether this be the seed that shall spring up into life and bear a hundred fold, or that which hath no root, and so will soon perish because it hath no deepness of earth. And they did not have to wait long. The very next year the Reaction commenced and the tide set steadily and strongly in the direction of Slavery. The Fugitive Slave Act was passed, Long and Sims carried back under it. Whigs and Democrats vied with each other in the servility of their prostration before Slavery, the Baltimore Platforms were erected, the Chiefest among the Doctors in Divinity, of all sects, have baptized and blest them, and the whole People seem [illegible] up to worship the Ox, set up on the plains of the South. The pendulum has reached the other extremity of its swing.

But will it remain there? Nay, verily. Not until the curious mechanism of the human heart has run down and come to a stand. Already it has begun to describe its returning circle. Men's minds have never been so strongly turned in the matter of Slavery as since the Chief Rulers ordained that they should cease to think or feel about it, and all the Chief Priests cried, Amen. The last reaction was an essential link in the chain of sequences which reaches from the first Slave that was made in Africa unto the final deliverance of his descendants. The same elements of human nature which had made that rebound necessary still exist and will hasten the coming of the next. As in Europe, though the vengeful Reaction which seems to have trampled the life out the heart of humanity is only preparing the way for the Avenging one which is yet to come; so in America the apparent triumph of the Slave Power, conceded by the leaders of both parties as the price of its support, is no just representation of that state of opinion and feeling on the part of the intelligent mind of the nation, out of which policies and laws are ultimately moulded. In Europe, there is still the same boiling discontents and dissatisfactions, the same longings after a better state of things, which swept over the Continent in 1848. If the lava found a crater then, why not again? The internal fires must be burning fiercer and fiercer, and must at last find a vent or else end in "hideous ruin and combustion dire." The evils existing still, the remedy and the redress must tread on their heels. There are the Slaves, nearly four millions of human beings of like passions with ourselves, as precious in His eyes who is no respecter of persons as the best of us, and here are we—fifteen millions of freemen helping to keep them in chains! Can we help reflecting with such a theme of thought? Can we help feeling with such a spectacle before our eyes? And will not conscience do its perfect work? We hope so, and then the final and blessed Reaction will take place. If not, it will yet come, if not with our help, in our despite, for God reigns, though profligate Congresses and abandoned Statesmen and prostituted priests have agreed to depose him.—E. Q.

PIOUS SLAVE-TRADER.—A correspondent writes from Kentucky to the Cincinnati *Christian Press* as follows:

I am now boarding with a man who has lived to the good old age of seventy years; his silvery locks already stream over his aged temples, and he looks as though he would ere long close his earthly career. He has one son a minister, and the old man has often told me, that his only wish was, that his family would so conduct themselves here, as to be admitted into that place prepared for the blessed. But to the facts. He raises quite a number of live stock for the New Orleans market, and has just disposed of two young girls and one woman, for eight hundred dollars per head! The woman had two young children that had hardly learned to lisp their mother's name, but she was torn from them by the slaveholder and trader, in spite of her shrieks, which rent the air. This was in the morning; after the trader had gone with his chattels, we repaired to the house for morning worship. The old man made a fervent prayer, and gave out a hymn, which was:

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining lights appear."

He is not the [illegible] *y pious* slaveholder of this kind.

I. B. A.

For denouncing as a sham and a cheat the religion which defends or tolerates iniquity like this, Abolitionists are branded as infidels; and we are sorry to add that the *Christian Press* has endorsed the libel. Never mind. If Jesus was called Beelzebub by the Pharisees of old, we need not wonder that his faithful followers are denounced by their descendants.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS—AGAIN.

THE last response, which Mr. Douglass has seen fit to make, to the rebuke which his old friends have been compelled to take of his manifestations of unfriendliness towards them, will be found on the first page. Inasmuch, as all that we have hitherto said concerning the matters in controversy between us, by a sense of duty to the cause we are set to defend, and having no personal resentments to gratify or indulge, we can well afford to let our antagonist speak for himself in our own columns. We wish, for Mr. Douglass's own sake, that it was in our power to say, that, in copying his remarks, we only reciprocate his courtesy and fairness toward ourselves. On the contrary, we are compelled to say that he has not quoted from us, nor from the *Liberator*, or *Freeman*, a single line, nor given his readers any statement of the real questions at issue. And not this only: he has grossly misrepresented and distorted the whole matter, as our readers will bear witness. The inference is not only natural, but, as it seems to us, inevitable, that Mr. Douglass has taken this course from a conscious inability to meet the issue which he had himself been so imprudent as to evoke. But of this let our readers judge.

One word more and we will dismiss the subject till such time as Mr. Douglass himself shall compel us to resume it. Mr. D. professes a high degree of "love and respect for Mr. Garrison," and we certainly hope he is sincere in his asseverations; but we confess to some misgivings, when we see him so ready to denounce some of Mr. Garrison's best friends as infidels on grounds which equally inculpate Mr. Garrison himself. If he is concerned to defend what he deems Christianity against the assaults of "infidelity," why does he strike at Pillsbury, Wright and Foster, and leave Mr. Garrison unscathed? According to the definition which he has propounded, the latter is as much an infidel as the former. This partiality for Mr. Garrison, under the circumstances, has a cowardly look. So at least it seems to us.

And here we drop the subject.

JUDGE GRIER RAMPANT.

THE circumstances attending the recent attempt of U. S. officers to arrest a fugitive slave at Wilkesbarre, Pa., are yet fresh in the public mind. It seems that the two Deputy Marshals who attempted to seize the fugitive, and whose outrageous conduct sent a thrill of horror through the country, were arrested, in Philadelphia, a few days since upon a warrant issued against them by a State magistrate, charging them with riot, &c. The warrant having been served, the accused parties sued out a *habeas corpus*, compelling the constable who had them in custody to appear before Judge Grier. The report of the Judge's proceedings in the case we give below, from which it will be seen that his behaviour was scarcely less outrageous than that of the execrable Jeffries. We have no room for comment:

Mr. Jackson, for the High Constable of Wilkesbarre, read his answer to the Court, in which he admits that he held the Deputy Marshals in custody, but alleged that he did so by legal authority, having arrested them on a warrant issued by Gilbert Barrows, a magistrate of Wilkesbarre, on the action of Wm. C. Gildersleve, a citizen of Wilkesbarre.

Judge Grier, sternly—Who is Wm. C. Gildersleve?

Marshal Wynkoop—Your Honour, he is an Abolitionist of Wilkesbarre.

Mr. Jackson—He is a respectable storekeeper of that borough.

Judge Grier—Was the assault and battery committed on him?

District Attorney Ashmead—No, sir; he does not allege it.

Judge Grier—Oh! oh!

District Attorney Ashmead said he would now read the petition for the habeas corpus. The petition sets forth all the facts of the case from the moment the claim was laid before U. S. Commissioner Ingraham up to the arrest of the fugitive and the service of the warrant on the present occasion.

Mr. Ashmead read from the 4th volume of statutes at large, act of March 6th, 1833, which gives to a U. S. Judge the power to discharge on habeas corpus, when one of the United States officers is arrested. He therefore asked that the defendants be discharged.

Mr. Jackson replied: He said that the law did not authorize the officers to execute their process in a riotous manner, as in this case.

Judge Grier—I shall take the facts set forth in the [illegible] testimony.

Mr. Jackson then went on to argue that the act of Congress had no reference to acts committed against the laws of a State, nor could the United States interfere to prevent the execution of the laws of a State. He asked that the defendants be reminded to take their trial, or be required to give bail.

D. P. Brown followed on the same side. He said that the question was a very simple one, and he felt pleasure in approaching it. The duties of the United States and the individual States were reciprocal, and a reciprocal confidence should be exhibited. There was little or no conflict in the case, which could not be easily reconciled.

Judge Grier—I take it for granted that the facts set forth in the petition are true, and I shall rely upon them, unless they are shown to be false.

Mr. Brown—We rely upon the warrant of the magistrate, issued upon the oath of a citizen.

Judge Grier—If you deny what is set forth in the petition, I will hear the facts in the case. I will not have the officers of the United States harrassed at every step in the performance of their duties by every petty magistrate who chooses to harrass them, or by any unprincipled interloper who chooses to make complaints against them—for I know something of the man who makes this complaint. The laws of the United States are binding upon me, and I will not take the warrant issued in this case as sufficient to hold these officers.

Mr. Brown—Your Honour will perceive that if murder had been committed, we could not prosecute in a United States court for it.

Judge Grier—There has been no murder committed here. They were acting under a process of the United States, legally issued.

District Attorney Ashmead said the case was free from difficulty. He called upon the Court to vindicate the laws of the United States and its own officers, who were constantly subjected to the most harrassing conduct on the part of men disposed to set the laws of the Union at defiance.

Judge Grier—I shall act as if I had the evidence before me, unless the other side are prepared to deny the facts set forth in the petition. In that case I shall put the matter off, to give them a chance to submit their testimony. The officers, I suppose, arrested the fugitive, and he resisted; they then used force, to hold him in custody.

Mr. Brown—We deny this. We say that he did not resist, and that he was cruelly beaten. We shall show such a case of barbarity as will appal your Honour.

District Attorney Ashmead—They allege that the officers executed their duties in a riotous manner. They went to the borough of course, to serve the process which was put into their hands by a United States Commissioner, upon the oath of a competent party, countersigned by a Judge of the United States Court. They executed their process and were resisted by their prisoner, even to the drawing of a knife upon them, which was put into his hands by one of the bystanders. They were compelled to use sufficient force to secure him, and this the opposite party call rioting. It is not Bill who sues here. They well know that he has fled beyond the jurisdiction of this court. To hold the officers to answer, there must be some excess of authority shown in what they did, and the proof is upon them. Every officer is *prima facie* supposed to act in a legal manner. Is every magistrate in the State, numbering probably two thousand, to have power to issue his warrant of arrest against the officers of the United States upon the intervention of any interloper who has the hardihood to swear that the officers exceeded their authority? If this is to be the case, the Marshal himself may be arrested under their warrant, for an alleged improper exercise of his duties, or even the Judges of this Court or the United States District Attorney may be subjected to the same annoyance.

Mr. Brown—Your Honour, there was no resistance at all. We put our case upon the excess of authority on the part of the officers. If your Honour is determined to go behind the warrant of the Magistrate, we ask to be permitted to show the facts in the case, which will be found to be of the most horrible character.

District Attorney Ashmead asked that the officers be discharged from custody.

Judge Grier—If this man Gildersleve fails to make out the facts set forth in the warrant of arrest, I will request the Prosecuting Attorney of Luzerne county to prosecute him for perjury. I know that the United States have a limited authority; but where they have it, it is clear, undoubted and conclusive, that theirs is the sovereign authority. If any tuppeny magistrate, or any unprincipled interloper can come in, and cause to be arrested the officers of the United States, whenever they please, it is a sad state of affairs. After the shan against whom the United States warrant was issued has run away, some fellow interferes and runs to a State Judge for his interference, and has the United States officers arrested. There was a case recently of this kind, and to that I now allude. If habeas corpuses are to be taken out after that manner, I will have an indictment sent to the United States Grand Jury against the person who applies for the writ, or assists in getting it, the lawyer who defends it, and the Sheriff who serves the writ, to see whether the United States officers are to be arrested and harrassed whenever they attempt to serve a process of the United States. I speak of what is daily done to thwart the United States in the exercise of her lawful authority. I will see that my officers are protected. When will you be ready with your proofs in this matter, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown—This day one week.

Judge Grier—Then upon that day I will hear your proof.

The case then went over until that time.

[Judge Grier, in this case, seems disposed to sustain the views that were suggested by District Attorney Ashmead in the recent case of Bill Fisher, when the United States Marshal was arrested.]

On Wednesday last the case came up for a further hearing, when the Court refused to hear David Paul Brown and Mr. Jackson, counsel for the constable who had the sanguinary Deputy Marshals under arrest, on the ground that they had no authority so to appear from the Governor or the Attorney General of the State. Having thus gagged the counsel employed by the respondent, Judge Grier proceeded to take the testimony of the witnesses for the Government, and among them that of Mr. Wynkoop, one of the scoundrels who went to Wilkesbarre to aid in arresting the fugitive; and having thus got the case in a shape to suit his purposes, he said he would write out his opinion and give it this (Saturday) morning.

MEETING OF THE FREE DEMOCRACY.

THE Free Democracy of this city held a meeting, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, to ratify the nominations made at the recent State Convention of the party, and to prepare for the approaching election. The meeting was large, and composed, for the most part, of the sober, orderly and religious class of citizens; thus presenting a marked contrast to ordinary political gatherings. A considerable number of ladies were in attendance. Hon. Misthorae Tompkins presided, assisted by several Vice Presidents, among whom we noticed the Hon. William Jay. Mr. Tompkins, on taking the chair, made a brief, but spirited, address.

E. A. Stansbury, Esq., presented an Address and a series of resolutions, prepared by the Committee of Arrangements, setting forth the principles and policy of the Free Democratic party.

Mr. Swift, of Massachusetts, made a very good speech. Some of his hits were loudly cheered.

Hon. E. L. Keyes, of Massachusetts, was next introduced. His remarks were so pungent, and so denunciatory of men and parties in New York, that a portion of the audience interrupted him, causing so much "noise and confusion" that he was compelled to sit down before he had fairly commenced. We regretted this, for we had promised ourselves a rich treat in listening to him. As it was, he said some capital things. The *Journal of Commerce* he called "the organ of Anti-Christ and the money-changers;" the New York *Observer*, "the organ of Judas Iscariot;" and the *Herald*, "the ark of the covenant, and the Saviour of half the people of New York—the organ of Beelzebub and the slaveholders!" This sort of talk, in political parlance, "waked up the snakes," whose hisses made it impossible for Mr. Keyes to proceed.

Hon. John P. Hale was received with great enthusiasm. His speech, we think, fully realized the best anticipations of his friends. His hits at the old parties for their subserviency to the Slave Power; his portraiture of the Administration, expending its energies, not in carrying out Republican principles, but in dividing "the spoils" between the "Hards" and "Softs;" and his denuciations of the Fugitive Slave Law, and his manly appeals to the consciences and hearts of his hearers in behalf of Liberty, were all in his best vein.

Letters were announced, but not read, from Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Hon. Joseph C. Hornblower, Hon. J. R. Giddings, John G. Whittier, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Hon. Amasa Walker, Richard H. Dana, Jr., S. G. Howe, Esq., and Cassius M. Clay, Esq. We subjoin an extract from the letter of John G. Whittier:

I scarcely know whether the present peculiar position of parties in your State is a cause of regret or congratulation. I profess no skill for solving, at this distance, the riddle of New York politics. It is your business to stand watchful and prepared, applying yourselves of any [illegible] in the political kaleidoscope which promises, directly or otherwise, to promote the great object you have in view. One thing you may rely safely upon—nobody, except the lowest class of official kidnappers, supports the Fugitive Slave Law from love of it. The men who swear by the Baltimore platform to-day will be very glad of a fair pretext for swearing by that of Buffalo to-morrow. Nobody suspects that the priests and politicians who defend the Fugitive Slave Law on Scriptural and constitutional grounds at heart believe a syllable of their doctrine. God has not left even a Mammon-loving expounder of commercial Christianity and cotton market ethics to believe a lie so monstrous.

The late attempts to enforce this atrocious law at Niagara, Wilkesbarre, and Cincinnati, have been marked, on the part of the official and unofficial ruffians concerned in them, by a dastard cruelty and low brutality which would drive a Bedouin Arab in disgrace from his caravan, and put a Feejee Islander in tatoo as unfit for the society of respectable cannibals. Where is the priest who dares to lift up his hands to Heaven and pray for the success of such atrocities? Where is the Union-saving hunker or Castle Garden patriot who can look an honest man in the face and justify them? If there be any such, they must be in the condition of the trafficer in the German tale, who bartered off his heart of flesh for a cobble stone.

In truth, whatever party caucuses may resolve, or party leaders subscribe to, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the heart of the people is with us—that the common instincts of human nature, as God made it, are on our side.

——We have great allies,
Powers that work for us, air and earth and skies;
Our friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Every noble utterance and every brave deed for freedom the world over redounds to our benefit. The eloquence of Victor Hugo over the graves of his companions in the Isle of Jersey, and the rescue of the Hungarian exile in the bay of Smyrna, are part and parcel of our great movement. Thus circumstanced, let us, by our vigilance and devotion, deserve the success which must sooner or later crown our efforts.

HOPE H. SLATTER.—The papers announce that this well known trader in "slaves and souls of men" died recently of yellow fever on his sugar plantation in Florida. His name was familiar to Abolitionists for many years, during which he was the owner of a slave pen in Baltimore. A large portion of the slaves sold in Virginia and Maryland passed through his hands on their way to the Southern and Southwestern States. He was a worshipper in, if not a member of, the Charles street Methodist Church; where, guilty as he was of trading in human flesh and separating families, he passed unrebuked. A correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth* gives the following information:

Slatter knew he was engaged in a bad business. A gentleman once remarked to him, "Your business must be very profitable." "One ought to be well paid to engage in such a business," was the reply. Having accumulated a large fortune, he sold out his stall and *good will* to the Campbells, who are still carrying on the vile traffic, and retired to private life. It proved more private than was to his liking. Slatter was ever an ambitious man, and now he panted for the pleasures of good society, and doubted not but his wealth would purchase him admission. But he counted without his host. He found, when too late, that the shirt of Nessus was upon him, and even gold was not potent enough to remove it. He purchased a splendid mansion in a genteel neighbourhood, filled it with elegant furniture, rode in the richest carriages, after the gayest horses that could be procured, was attended by a profusion of servants clad in livery, but all to no purpose.

President Polk being about to make a northern tour, Slatter thought to help his social standing by managing to secure him as a guest, while in Baltimore. So when the cars arrived, Mr. S. with a splendid barouche, and four beautiful white horses, was waiting to conduct him through the streets, to his hotel, where he was to be regarded as Mr. Hope H. Slatter's guest. He knew how to play the agreeable, as well as any other man, and he carried his game through in good style. He showed to the upper-tendom of Baltimore, that himself and daughters were on terms of intimacy with the President of the United States. Still 'twas no go. A negro was a pill which, however gilded, wealth, talent, and genitility could not, or would not swallow.

Slatter gave up the chase, sold his property in Baltimore, including his pew in the Charles Street Church, and removed to Florida, and purchased a sugar plantation. Not satisfied with having made himself and family princely rich, by traffic in the souls and bodies of men, he must now seek to sweeten the solitude of his declining years with the unrequited toil of those he had previously robbed of freedom. But his hour has come. The grim messenger has summoned him hence. If conscience, what a death-bed scene his must have been! Into the secret of such a heart, oh my soul, penny then not!

Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK.—Among the clergymen who at first embraced the Anti-Slavery cause with zeal, and afterwards apostatized from it, was Mr. Kirk, formerly of Albany, now of Boston. The depth of his apostacy may be inferred from the fact, that he was among the first publicly to eulogize Daniel Webster, after the death of that profligate man, one year ago. In the face of his betrayal of the cause of Freedom, and of his agency in the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Kirk declared in a sermon that "the American people should gratefully acknowledge him as a gift from God"—that "he was a great light in our heavens"—that his services to the country "must be acknowledged to be *priceless*"—that "God, who raised up Solomon for Israel, raised up our Daniel for the United States"—that he was "an honest lover of his country, and of *all the people that are in it*; an enlightened lover, that knew where our true interests lie"—and much more of the same nauseous sort. Mr. Kirk being now in England, where he is passing himself off as an Anti-Slavery man, the *Liberator* has published extracts from his sermon; and to show that he did not eulogize Mr. Webster in ignorance of his immoralities, a correspondent of that paper makes the following statement:

As a proper commentary on this fulsome and false adulation, I will now relate a conversation I had with Mr. Kirk some six years ago. I called on him in his study, and we had a familiar talk on the subject of Slavery. Mr. Kirk showed me several written lectures which he had publicly given in the State of New York against Slavery. He expressed great interest in the Anti-Slavery cause, and, wishing to join with me in prayer before I left, he prayed very fervently for the slave. He said he once asked Amos Lawrence, an intimate friend of Mr. Webster, why the American people did not rally for freedom, under the leadership of Daniel Webster, and destroy the [illegible] reply was in substance as follows: "[illegible] reasons why Mr. Webster can never lead the people in the path of freedom. The first is his profligate pecuniary habits. These destroy his moral power, make him dependent upon moneyed men, and exercise a ruinous influence on very many young men, who revere Daniel Webster, and make him a model in the conduct of their own life. The second reason is, his intemperate habits, which are of such a nature as unfit him for the office of a moral leader. The third is, his licentious habits, which still further impair his moral power, and render any confidence in him as a leader impossible." If you

REVOLUTIONARY DOCTRINE.—We earnestly invite attention to the Address on the first page, wherein the principle on which the Rescuers of the Man Jerry acted is clearly set forth and eloquently and impressively defended. That Address is from the pen of GERRIT SMITH, and worthy alike of his head and heart. It was enthusiastically adopted by the large body of men and women, recently assembled in Syracuse, to celebrate the second Anniversary of the Rescue of Jerry. The doctrine it proclaims is openly and defiantly revolutionary in relation to the Government of the United States. To carry it out in practice will require the highest degree of moral courage, and may subject those who attempt it to persecution, imprisonment, and even death; but it is, after all, no more than the application of the Golden Rule to the case of the American slave. We fear that many who call themselves Abolitionists will shrink from the test which this rule, thus applied, presents; but their services in the cause will be worth very little until their humanity is brought up to what Mr. Smith aptly calls the "Jerry Level." Not until the public mind is thoroughly permeated by the great principle set forth in this Address—not until that principle is incorporated into the nation's heart, can we hope to see the abolition of Slavery.

THE *National Anti-Slavery Standard* is informed that Mr. Garrison's reply to Frederick Douglass is in the hands of our printers, and will be published next week. It is also informed that, in our opinion, it is *not*, necessarily, a violation of the law of right for us to publish an eloquent reply of a newspaper editor to a half dozen journals, which have commenced war upon him, without also publishing the long-winded attacks.—*Hartford Republican.*

The "half dozen journals" alluded to, according to [illegible], precisely three! The assertion that they "commenced war" upon Mr. Douglass is an untruth, of which our cotemporary ought to be ashamed. The *Liberator* did not speak until three weeks after it had copied from Mr. Douglass's paper nearly three columns of matter, in which Mr. Douglass made war upon his old friends. The *Standard* was silent until Mr. Douglass had pronounced two agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society to be "infidels;" and when it spoke, it copied the charge in full, making a fair statement of preliminaries. As to the *Freeman*, we cannot speak so definitely, but we know that it also said nothing except in reply to Mr. Douglass. The *Republican*, we hope, has spoken carelessly rather than dishonestly. We mean to think well of its Editor, if he will let us.

COLOURPHOBIA ON ITS DIGNITY.—The following paragraph from a recent number of the *Tribune* shows that an increasing number of our citizens are getting above the absurd prejudice which has so long banished the people of colour from the common vehicles of travel.

On Tuesday evening a Sixth avenue car, fully crowded with passengers, was stopped, and in stepped a respectably dressed coloured female, who, under the circumstances, contented herself with occupying a standing place in the aisle of the car. She disturbed nobody, and was, in fact, not noticed by any of the passengers, except one, who, particularly keen-scented, immediately found out there was game for him near. He commenced operations by ironically inviting those gentlemen who occupied seats to make room for "that lady." Having failed to make any impression in this way, and feeling that his dignity was growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less," while he was staying with such unworthy company, he rung the bell for the car to stop, and said, "Gentlemen, I ain't going to "pay my fare. I am going to get out of the car be-"cause there is a wench here." He descended, and continued his journey on foot, while the car, with the obnoxious burden, went merrily on, and the passengers smiled in pity for the hot-headed gentleman.

NEBRASKA.—An effort to organize a territorial government for the District of country known by this name was defeated on the last day of the last Congress, the slaveholders wishing a further opportunity to put their fingers in the pie. We see by the papers that a meeting of some of the citizens of the Territory was held at Kickapootown, on the 20th of Sept. The *Evening Post* thinks, in view of the proceedings of this meeting, that it was held to order, in which opinion we fully concur. The order was given, no doubt, by the Slave Power. One of the resolutions expresses a wish that the organization of a government may be delayed. Another is in these words: "That we know no North, no South, no East, no West, and that we desire the organization of a territorial government without any restriction, but having due regard to the interest of every portion of our glorious Union."

WORLD'S ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—F. W. Chesson, writing from England to the *Wesleyan*, says:

There can be no doubt now, I think, that a great World's Anti-Slavery Convention will be held next year under the auspices of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. One has not been held since 1843. The matter will be definitely settled next month, at a meeting of Anti-Slavery friends to be held at the same time as the Edinburgh Peace Conference, and in the same city.

This is the first intimation we have heard that a plan is on foot for holding such a Convention. If the measure shall be finally determined on, we hope it will not be hampered by the restrictions which characterized the Conventions of 1840 and 1843.

DEATH OF JUDGE PAINE.—Elijah Paine, Judge of the Superior Court, by whose righteous decision the Lemmon slaves were set free, died in this city on Friday of last week. He was the son of Elijah Paine, formerly United States Senator from Vermont, and was born at Williamstown in that State. He was a brother of Ex-Governor Paine, who recently died in Texas, and also of Dr. Martin Paine, Professor in the Medical Department of the New York University. His father, at the time of his death in 1843, was United States District Judge.

THE LADIES' PAPER.—The first number of a weekly journal, bearing this title, was issued in this city, on Saturday last, by T. D. Curtis and S. S. Richards. Mr. Curtis is the Editor, and, if we understand him, he is in favour of enlarging woman's *industrial* sphere, but opposed to the Woman's Rights Movement. The paper is printed by ladies, and is certainly creditable to their mechanical skill and taste. Among the contributors we notice Mrs. Ann L. Stephens and Miss Phœbe Carey. Terms, $2 a year.

WHOLE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—Fowlers & Wells have issued the proceedings of this body in a pamphlet of 112 pages. The proceedings are compiled from the reports of the city press, principally from the *Tribune*, and the pamphlet embraces a report of the preliminary meeting at the Brick Church Chapel, and also of that held by the Seceding Delegates, a list of the Delegates to the Convention, and Temperance Essays by Dr. Trall and Horace Greeley.

Rev. W. H. FURNESS, of Philadelphia, will preach the sermon at the Installation of Rev. Samuel Longfellow as Pastor of the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, on the 26th instant, in the Athenæum, where the Society worships. Our readers need not to be informed that Mr. Furness is one of those who preach a gospel, not of forms and creeds, but of practical righteousness. Independent of all questions in theology, he is worth hearing.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—We have received from Fowlers & Wells a copy of a pamphlet just issued by them, entitled "Proceedings of the Woman's Rights Convention, held at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, Sept. 6th and 7th, 1853." The principal speeches are reported phonographically, and the whole proceedings make a pamphlet of 96 pp.

☞ We refer our highly esteemed friend and correspondent, RICHARD D. WEBB, of Dublin, to the letter from Parker Pillsbury, in another column. It contains information which he has desired to obtain.

Mrs. STOWE has prepared a Record of her Travels in Europe, in two volumes, which J. P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, will issue as soon as possible.

In New Orleans the fever has almost entirely abated, and the residents are returning in large numbers. The city has begun to assume a much more lively aspect than it has worn during the prevalence of the epidemic.

POLITICS.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot* says: "The public mind must not be alarmed to find a very strong and systematic effort made, by and bye, to place Col. Thomas Hart Benton in the Speaker's chair of the next House of Representatives."

——The Whigs held their State Convention at Syracuse last week and nominated a ticket for State Officers, putting forth no platform of national politics. The ticket don't suit the Silver Gray wing of the party very well, but, owing to the division among the Democrats, it will probably be elected

——The Editor of the New York *Atlas* being called on to give the meaning of a political "hard shell," goes into a learned and critical analysis of that class of politicians:

"A *tolerably* 'hard shell' is a man who would chase a 'nigger' from the Battery to Canal street; a genuine 'hard' is one who would follow the blackamoor as far as Union square or the Crystal Palace; (he rejoices, we believe, in the cognomen of a 'platina;') the hardest of all 'hards' (a regular *adamantine*) is a person who would run a darkey clear out of town, and pursue him to the very end of the earth."

——Hon. G. C. Bronson, the Collector of the port of New York, is an avowed Hardshell, and a supporter of the ticket nominated by that wing of the Sham Democracy. In the appointment of his subordinates in the Custom House he is understood to have proscribed the Softs, who are at present in favour with the Cabinet. Since the split at Syracuse, the Secretary of the Treasury, with the concurrence of the President, has written him a letter, informing him that this preference of the Hards, in the bestowment of official patronage, will not be submitted to. The question now is whether Bronson will obey or resign, or, refusing obedience, be turned out of office. This quarreling over the 'spoils' well befits a party which, professing to be Democratic, is treading every principle of Democracy under its feet.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

The Ohio Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at its recent meeting in Salem, Ohio, bore a strong testimony against Slavery, and in opposition to the religion which countenances and sustains it.

——G. B. Stebbins and N. H. Whiting will attend a Quarterly Meeting of the Old Colony (Mass.) Anti-Slavery Society in Pembroke to-morrow (Sunday).

——A State Anti-Slavery Convention is to be held at Adrian, Michigan, on the 22d and 23d instant. W. L. Garrison, A. K. and S. S. Foster and J. W. Walker are to be present.

——The Middlesex County (Mass.) Anti-Slavery Society meets at Framingham to-morrow (Sunday). Wendell Phillips, Rev. A. T. Foss and Rev. S. May, Jr., will be present.

——J. W. Walker, in reporting to the *Bugle* his labours in Northern Ohio, speaks of a Mr. Bowman, formerly a minister of the "United Brethren in Christ," who is a convert to the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and has taken hold of the work of disseminating them with zeal and earnestness.

——Among the Seventy Agents sent forth by the Am. Anti-Slavery Society in 1835-6, was E. C. Pritchett, then a student in theology. We remember him as extremely ultra in his views, and very sarcastic and bitter in his denunciations of slaveholders and their abettors. Subsequently he was an agent of the New York State Society, but, after awhile, he *subsided* into a Presbyterian clergymen; and in the last New York *Observer* we find his name appended to a Report of the State of Religion within the bounds of the Synod of Utica, from which we cut the following wishy-washy paragraph:

While it is evident that the existence of Slavery in our country, and the extension of its influence among us by the Fugitive Slave Law, is no less felt to be a grief and a shame, there is an increased readiness to consider this matter in a spirit of candour; *to sympathize with those of our Southern brethren who are involved in a system which* [illegible] with injustice, and social disabilities in this land, and with those who are nobly vindicating their rank as freemen in the Republic of Liberia.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

The *Tribune* accurately describes South Carolina as "a region where politicians are exorbitantly great because Common Schools are wanting to let people into the secret of the values and uses of other pursuits."

——The Indianapolis *Free Democrat* utters the following truthful sentiment: "Christianity teaches that the whole human family are of one blood, the children of a common Father, and that He looks down with an equal eye upon all. To deny an equal and a brother in the humblest human being, even the despised African, is practically to ignore Christianity, and become an infidel. Yet, how many professed Christians do this, and, what is more, endeavour to brand with infidelity those who are trying to carry out this doctrine in good faith."

——The North Carolina papers are discussing means to draw foreign emigration to that State! It seems that of the twenty-one millions of acres of land in that State less than six millions are improved; and for these six millions there is not one labourer for every twenty-five acres, whereas a high state of cultivation would require five times as many. There is also a great demand for common labourers for public works, railways, plank roads, &c. The papers in question do not seem to be aware that Slavery is the great barrier in the way of the development of the State's resources. An act proclaiming the immediate emancipation of the slaves would be worth more than all other means put together for the attainment of the desired object; indeed, until that measure is adopted, all other means will be ineffectual.

——D'AUBIGNE, the historian of the Reformation, in a letter of recent date, utters the following sentiment:

The essentials of Christianity are the Holy Scriptures, a pure faith, and a holy life; the form of church government is a secondary consideration. The essence of Protestantism is *the spirit before the form*, as the essence of Popery is *the form before the spirit*, or, as some say, *without the spirit*. We may each have our preference; but whether the form of individual churches is Episcopal, Presbyterian, or independent, the unity of the Catholic and invisible church remains intact, so long as under these several forms is found the faith which worketh by love.

It follows from this that the faith which does *not* work by love, but which stands as the endorser of Slavery and other similar abominations, however Orthodox it may be in words, is a sham; while that which *does* work by love—love for the poor and the oppressed, for *humanity*, as such, in every form—is genuine, however heterodox may be the opinions of those by whom it is manifested. We are glad to see that this great truth is dawning upon men who hold every variety of theological belief.

——Many of our readers have witnessed the almost angelic representation of *Eva*, in the drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the National Theatre, in this city, by little Cordelia Howard. They know something also of the efforts of Mr. Pease to rescue from degradation and crime the wretched denizens of the Five Points. They will therefore enjoy this incident, related by the *Tribune*:

"Father," says Cordelia one day, "I have just been reading that beautiful little story in the *Tribune*, under the title of 'Hot Corn,' and the death of Little Katy, and I tell you what I want you to do. I want you to set apart one dollar every night as long as I play Little Eva, to give Mr. Pease, for the benefit of some other Little Katy. Will you, father?"

"Yes, my good child, I will; and I hope your example will be followed by a great many others who have the power to do so much good by such gifts."

——The Freewill Baptist Quarterly Magazine for October has a very candid critique of Theodore Parker and his writings, from which we copy a single passage:

Of course many of Mr. Parker's views of Truth are clear, and he possesses a large capacity to develop them with force to others; his sense of Justice is deep and delicate, and of course he can throw bombs of red-hot indignation at great wrongs; his sensibility is like a net-work of delicate nerves, and so he can almost fascinate you by his winsome and appreciative speech when he talks of beauty or of goodness; his soul swells at the footstep of God, and so his voice gathers a rolling majesty when he would talk of the Infinite One. The result is that few men surpass him in the power to reveal the glory of intellectual might, and nurture intellectual enthusiasm. He can make integrity seem almost divine, and treachery to principle he will compel to appear as a meanness demanding perpetual execration; he reveals woman's tender sympathy and the philanthropist's silent benedictions in forms as beautiful as an angel's singing robes; and the quiet firmness of manly piety towers up transfigured under his description, till heaven and earth seem clasping each other amid the brightness. There are, consequently, passages scattered over his writings which no man with a soul can read without quickened pulses, or kindled aspirations, and forgetting, for the time, all the wretched things Mr. Parker had ever said.

TEMPERANCE.

The North Ohio Conference of the Methodist Church resolved, at their last meeting, to do all they could, in private, in the public assembly, and at the ballot-box, to secure the passage of the Maine Law in that State. They also promised to lecture or preach on the subject in all their congregations before the election.

——Gen. Carey is reported by his partisans in Ohio as having declared, both in public and private, that Women were excluded from the *Hemispherical* Convention *for lack of regular credentials!* That is cool, certainly!

——The proper Court in Schuylkill Co., Pa., has brought the innkeepers of that County to terms, in respect to selling liquor on Sunday, by threatening to take away their licenses if they did not stop the practice. "And now, boys," says the Pottsville *Journal*, "we have a Maine Law for one day in seven—let's go in for the other six days, on the second Tuesday of October."

——"The *British Banner*," says Mr. Chesson, in a letter to the *Wesleyan*, "continues its violent attacks on the Teetotallers. J. B. Gough recently lectured at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, when there were bands of Music, singing, and all the accompaniments of a *fete*. Dr. Campbell is shocked at the irreligiousness of these proceedings. I am disgusted at the cant of his religion."

——The Ohio Women's Temperance Convention, recently held in Dayton, passed a resolution condemnatory of the course pursued by the so-called World's Convention in gagging Antoinette Brown. The National Woman's Convention, since held at Cleveland, adopted resolutions of a similar character. The conduct of Gen. Carey was particularly referred to and rebuked by both Conventions. The General has not gained much in the esteem of the friends of the cause in Ohio by lending himself as a tool to perform the dirty work of Marsh, Hewitt, Chambers & Co.

——We are often told that there is almost no drunkenness and very little intemperance in wine-growing countries. George S. Hillard, in his "Six Months in Italy," tells a different story:

In regard to temperance, I am inclined to think that the inhabitants of Southern Italy, and of the wine-growing countries generally, enjoy a reputation somewhat beyond their deserts. It is true that it is very rare to see a man absolutely drunk; but it is not uncommon to see those who have drank more than is good for them. But even where excess is avoided, the constant use of wine in considerable quantities is unfavourable both to health and good morals: to health, from the febrile and inflammatory state of the system to which it leads, and to good morals from the irritability of temper and quarrelsome spirit which it induces. If the proportion of the cases of stabbing brought to the Roman hospitals which occur in or near wine-shops could be known, I have no question that it would furnish a strong fact wherewith to point the exhortations of a temperance lecturer.

——It is a notorious fact that all laws designed to *regulate* and *restrain* the traffic in intoxicating liquors have hitherto proved abortive. For the most part, they have been a dead letter, the officers of justice not even pretending to enforce them. Now, however, when the friends of temperance propose to *abolish* the traffic altogether, as a crime and curse, and when public opinion seems rapidly tending toward that result, we see the administrators of the laws arousing from their lethargy and making an earnest [illegible] of instruction in this, if men only had the eye to read it—instruction, too, applicable as well to other reforms as to that of temperance. It shows that if you want to carry a *half-way* measure, you must first plant yourself on the rock of principle and *ask* for one that is thorough; then, and then only, may you hope that the temporizing, half-way class, in order to prevent the success of what they deem an ultraism, if for no other reason, will earnestly endeavour to apply their palliatives. Thus, in this city, at the present time, the authorities are really trying to enforce the existing laws in relation to the liquor traffic; a thing which has never been attempted before.

——We stated, recently, that Mrs. Fowler, of this city, and Mrs. Nichols, of Vermont, had gone to Wisconsin to lecture on Temperance. We learn from the Milwaukee *Free Democrat* that the Executive Committee of the League decided *not* to employ these ladies as agents; they will go forth, therefore, under the auspices of the Women's State Temperance Society. They appear to have met a cordial reception, however, from the great majority of temperance men; and they have begun their labours under circumstances of a highly favourable character. The *Free Democrat* says:

We find that the Temperance friends in Walworth County and elsewhere are greatly dissatisfied with the decision of the Executive Committee of the League in this matter, and say they only wish they had known their feelings before they were called on to contribute their funds. In one town $30, in another $25, in another $15, and so on, were raised, *principally* from those who are in favour of women's labouring in this cause, and they are very indignant that these funds must go to sustain an Agent in the field whose conduct toward women they disapprove, and that they must now duplicate their contributions to secure the services of such Agents as they desire. And this feeling the League will find far more universal than they imagine.

We suggest that immediate steps be taken to form an Association, in this city, to sustain Mrs. Nichols and Mrs. Fowler in canvassing the State. Let us show to the world that there are hearts in Milwaukee, not a few, who sympathize with them in their mission of love, and are ready to manifest that sympathy promptly, by their deeds.

At Waukesha, Rev. Mr. Holmes *preached* against the infidelity of these Temperance lecturers—both of whom are members of evangelical churches in regular standing, and one of them belonging to the same denomination with himself. In the evening, Mrs. Nichols replied most appropriately and impressively to the covert charge of infidelity. This little clerical onslaught has effectually opened the door for women's efforts in that county. They have earnest invitations to five times as many places as they can accept.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIANA YEARLY MEETING OF ANTI-SLAVERY FRIENDS.

RICHMOND, Indiana, Oct. 1, 1853.

DEAR OLIVER: For some time it has been in my mind to write a word for the *Standard*. The present moment favours my design, and the subjoined notice of the "Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends" is at your disposal.

At this time, three Indiana Yearly Meetings are in session—two here and one at Newport, seven or eight miles off. You never saw the hosts of George Fox discipleship mustered in such numbers as you might now see in this neighbourhood. The three meetings are the Orthodox, or (as I hear them called here) the "Old-side Quakers," the Hicksites, and the Anti-Slavery. The Old "Indiana Yearly Meeting" is the largest in the world. Its territory extends from the Muskingum on the East to the Missouri on the West, a thousand miles or more, and from the Ohio River, North, to Canada and the Lakes. Its locust legions now swarm the streets of Richmond, beyond what we are accustomed to see or imagine. This is the Yearly Meeting that invited Henry Clay to sit in the High Seat, while his slave Charles (altogether the best man, and much the best looking) remained outside the house, unnoticed; and, as the great apostle of gambling, dissipation, debauchery, duelling, SLAVERY (I like to have forgot that), and other *graces*, was thus exalted to the "chief seat of the synagogue," the addresses and sermons were moulded to suit the august occasion. When he came down, he was most cordially saluted by both men and women. One of them, as he gave the parting hand, piously invoked the divine benison on the head of their illustrious archbishop in these words: "*God be with thee, and we will*"!

For testifying against such outrages as this, a portion of the Society began to be looked upon with distrust by the "*solid*" members of the meeting. While the whole country was asleep on the subject of Slavery, the Yearly Meetings were content in *whispering* their annual "Testimony" against it—never so loud, however, as to disturb the general slumber. Henry Clay complimented them, as "taking the right ground."

In time, the Anti-Slavery Cause came into being. This gave the first force and meaning to these Yearly Meeting "Testimonies" they had ever had, upon the outside world. Then they began to be abated. Some humane members, both men and women, had united with Anti-Slavery Societies. First, it was softly recommended "to consider whether the time had not come in which it would be most safe for members of our religious Society to abstain from mixing with others, in benevolent associations." This tender and fatherly caution at length hardened into severe denunciation of such as disregarded it as *insubordinates*, and finally ripened into a total exclusion of them from Committees, and from meetings for the transaction of any important business.

After members of the Society had been forbidden to unite with Anti-Slavery Associations outside of their own meetings, some of them began to form others, wholly within their own. But the thunders of the Church were hurled against this movement also. This was even declared more objectionable than the other offence had been. It was solemnly and sternly said, "*in society, in meetings for discipline, are the places to labour in the Anti-Slavery cause*"! Elsewhere, it was "insubordination to society."

But sorrowful experience had shown that, since the Anti-Slavery cause had waked the slumbers of the nation, Yearly Meeting Testimonies had only been adapted to smother the now roused elements; and, besides, many of the "*solid members* of society" were zealous Colonizationsts. Such were even hostile, beyond others, to anything like direct Anti-Slavery action, in meeting or out. And then the members were tyrannically forbidden to form Anti-Slavery Societies of their own, or join those formed outside by the humaner people of the world. At the same time, it should be observed, and remembered, that the Colonizationists were allowed to join their Societies outside of the Quaker meetings, and were never rebuked, or excluded from committees or business meetings, for so doing.

And then, as if to cap the climax of infamy, to crown and consummate their hypocrisy, Henry Clay was used as the medium through which Quaker Yearly Meeting devotion to Slavery was to be poured, in the disgusting sacraments of servility which I have already described, while Charles C. Burleigh was shut out of their house, and every house in this then Quaker City, and mobbed in the streets.

From these outrages, and such as these, sprang the "Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends." The Clerks of the Meeting have kindly furnished me a pamphlet containing their Declaration of Sentiments, and also the reasons, detailed in full, for the separation, together with the Minutes of the First Meeting. They were organized "on the 7th day of 2d month, 1843." The Meeting embraces in its limits "all those Members of Indiana Yearly Meeting who adhere to the genuine principles of the Society, residing in the district described in the Discipline of the Yearly Meeting, from which we now separate ourselves."

The Declaration of Sentiments declares, "We wish it to be distinctly understood that we have adopted no new doctrine, nor any new system of Church government; that we claim to be, in the strictest sense of the word, *a Society of Friends*."

The Yearly Meeting of this body is now in session at Newport, near this place. We also have been holding Anti-Slavery meetings there, for the last three evenings. In reply to a note of mine addressed to the Clerks, they say:

"We have five Quarterly Meetings. Four of these have two Monthly Meetings each, and the other has three; making eleven in all. The number of our members is about one thousand, including children. There is, however, a number more, who literally have a right of membership, but who are careless about attending meetings, and are not included in the number."

As to the genuineness of their Anti-Slavery character, it may not be my province to speak. I have, however, to this time, sought in vain among them for a single man who is not a voluntary supporter of this blood-stained, military and slaveholding Government and Union. Very little has been done to inculcate any higher sentiments than those of Free Soil. Many are true to that cause, and, *in heart*, are doubtless devoted friends of the slave.

I had heard it whispered that Lucretia Mott had once been severely "*Eldered*" (such was the word) for presuming to speak in their Yearly Meeting some years ago. This led me to address a note to the presiding authorities, asking if it would be any violation of Rules or Usages for me to attend the public meetings, and speak in behalf of the enslaved. Such before had been my purpose. The following was the reply:

"FRIEND PARKER PILLSBURY: Thy note of yesterday, in behalf of thyself and Charles and Josephine Griffing, has been received. In answer we would say: Our public meetings are not designed for *lectures*, but as meetings for *worship*, and we are pleased to have the *company* of any who may feel inclined to attend. You can have the use of our meeting-house at any time that may be agreed upon, when the Yearly Meeting is not occupying it, and then you can plead the cause of the slave, which we apprehend would be a more suitable opportunity. We shall be glad to give our aid in every appropriate way in furtherance of the great cause of emancipation, and are much pleased to see the work advancing."

Not knowing the official address, I had directed 'To the Board of Trust or Overseers of Indiana Yearly Meeting.' The return was signed, Levi Coffin, Wm. Beard, Rebecca Edgerton, Lydia Osborn, Jacob Graves and Walter Edgerton.

We regretted that "*worship*," in the sense of their Meeting, did not mean "deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." And still more sorrowful did we become as, evening after evening, very few indeed of them attended our meetings. Those who did appear took no friendly part, either to aid or encourage. One woman of them was moved to ask, pretty cathedrally, if we "believed in the inspiration of the Bible." She pressed the question with rather extended meekness for a Friend. I told her we had come to overthrow Slavery, and not each other's religious opinions. I told her also that my religious education had been Calvinistic, which holds Quakerism to be all Infidelity; but that on the Anti-Slavery platform all religions, and all distinctions of it, stood unquestioned, if true to the only great interests there sought, Humanity and Emancipation; and she was further assured that if Infidelity was inculcated in our meetings, somebody other than ourselves would have to bear the reproach and responsibility.

At the close of that meeting, a Ruling member came and asked if we abstained from the use of slave-grown products. He is a seller of Free Labour goods.

Such was all the part the "Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends" bore in our three meetings. We changed the time of our last one, to avoid collision with one of theirs, hoping to have their attendance, but scarcely one of them appeared. We were heart-sick at this final development, for we had hoped much from this denomination—more than from even the Scotch Covenanters. But in this we were disappointed. We laboured hard to induce some of them to patronize the *Bugle*, but with most discouraging success. They only offered us the use of their meeting house, at times when they were not occupying it. This we did not need, as the Wesleyan church was more convenient, and was freely opened, warmed and lighted. We had good meetings at Newport, and found a few warm-hearted friends.

Yours, still hoping and labouring,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

SUMMARY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The number of admissions to the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, was *nineteen thousand nine hundred and forty-five*, of which 17,525 were single admissions.

——COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—The steamboat Hendrick Hudson was run into by a sloop on Saturday night, while on her passage to Albany, near Poughkeepsie, and both vessels so much injured that they were run ashore. No lives were lost, and the steamer's passengers were taken to Albany by the America.

——COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—There were three collisions on the Hudson River Railroad on Saturday night, caused by a misunderstanding of a switch-tender at Tivoli, Dutchess county. The express engine was demolished, but no passengers injured seriously, though several were hurt. A fireman named Abraham Folon, was so severely injured that he died two hours afterwards.

——A miser, named Noah Odell, sixty years old, died on Sunday, in Boston. So fearful was he of losing his money, that he wore a chain round his body, to which was fastened a stout bag, in which the treasure was deposited. This he kept by him during his sickness, and upon it was fixed his dying gaze. In winter, it is related he went to church three times a day, to save fuel at home, only leaving the bed to return to it.

——DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO THE CAPTORS OF ANDRE.—There was an imposing parade and celebration near Tarrytown, on the 6th, for the purpose of dedicating a monument recently erected (and of which we have heretofore given a description), to mark the spot on which Major Andre, the British Spy, was captured by Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams, in September, 1780. Speeches were made by Gov. Seymour, who dedicated the Monument, and Henry J. Raymond, Editor of the New York *Times*, the Orator of the day.

——PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE CENSUS.—We learn that all the Census will be printed complete as early as the 15th proximo, and that the Professor De Bow, the superintendent of the work, will have his synoptical report ready for distribution as early as January next. The latter will embrace an elaborate set of tables comparing the results of the census last taken with those of former ones; and also comparing them with similar European statistics, for which Mr. De Bow has procured ample data from Paris.

——COLLISION ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.—The steamboat Empire State, on Saturday night, about half past twelve o'clock, while on her passage from Fall River to New York, was run into by an unknown schooner, and sustained considerable damage. The collision occurred off Plumb Island, and the night was very hazy.

On Sunday morning the steamboat Knickerbocker took the Empire State in tow, and brought her as far as Throg's neck, whence she came along, unaided, to this city, arriving at her wharf at 8 1-2 o'clock P. M. There were about 300 passengers on board, none of whom were injured.

——ADA PHILLIPS.—The acquaintances and friends of this young lady, who is now pursuing her musical studies in Italy, will be pleased to learn that intelligence of the most gratifying character has been received in this city in regard to her progress. Signor Garcia, her teacher, and probably the best teacher of the present day, writes from Florence where he and Miss Phillips are at present, that his pupil is now a *finished vocalist*—that he can teach her nothing more. This is truly gratifying. After perfecting herself in the Italian language, the fair young Bostonian will make her *debut* in opera in Italy.—*Boston Journal.*

——MURDER IN CINCINNATI.—Elizabeth Clay, a pretty mulatto, having been deserted by John E. Murray, her seducer, who had married another girl, went to his house, and, finding him alone, seated herself upon his knee, and commenced talking to him. During the conversation, in which no suspicion on his part had been excited, she suddenly pressed the muzzle of a small pistol, which until then she had kept concealed, to his forehead, and pulled the trigger. He fell to the floor, and died within fifteen minutes. Elizabeth was arrested by some citizens living in the vicinity, and taken to the watch-house, in a state bordering upon insanity. The poor girl had no protector, and she avenged her own wrongs.

——FEMALE TYPE SETTERS.—The proprietors of several Pittsburgh journals have been enlarging "woman's sphere" by initiating her into the art and mystery of type-setting. The journeymen printers struck for higher wages, which the publishers refused to pay. The Dispatch, [illegible] Journal, and Visitor now employ women, and issue their papers regularly as before. The experiment succeeds well, and the editors say that so far their female compositors have made greater progress than any males they ever employed. This is one move in the right direction—let us hope that it will become general.

——GUANO COMING.—Captain J. I. Stephens, master of the ship Realm, in a letter to the *Herald* gives the names of seventy ships which loaded at the Chincha Islands with 65,856 tons of guano [illegible] and September 12. Five of these ships cleared direct for New York with 4,300 tuns; eleven for Hampton Roads with 9,980 tuns; five for Baltimore with 3,920 tuns; one for St. Thomas; the destination of all the others appears to be Callao. They are, however, all American vessels.

This will be very acceptable news to the farmers who know the value of this manure, but have been unable to obtain it.—*Tribune.*

——The Rev. John Chambers has incurred the censure of the Press of Philadelphia by a straight-out, hard-hitting Sermon, in the course of his regular pastoral services last Sunday afternoon, in favour of the Maine Law and of electing Legislators who will pass it. "*Common usage*" is against the Rev. John in this case, at least as decidedly as it was in his favour in his efforts to suppress the voice of Women in Temperance Meetings; but the asserted "usage" was wrong in both cases, and those deserved praise who resisted and defied it. We trust that Mr. Chambers henceforth defies Fashion and cleaves to the Higher Law.—*Tribune.*

——THE SLAVE SHIP LADY SUFFOLK.—This famous and infamous vessel, we stated yesterday, was at last dates at Vera Cruz. It will be remembered that after her escape from the British cruisers at Cuba she put into Laguna, as related by our correspondent at that place, under the name of the Mariana, representing herself to be a Mexican ship.

We learn that the Mariana has been seized by the Mexican Government and confiscated, because she had, on her arrival at Laguna, no consular certified manifests. The order for her seizure was given by Tornel, the Mexican Minister of War, just before his death. The Mariana is to be fitted out as a Mexican man-of-war, and is now waiting at Vera Cruz for her armament.—*N. O. Picayune.*

——MARSHFIELD.—The Boston correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "As was predicted, Marshfield has begun to be another Mount Vernon. We learn directly from Marshfield, that there have been crowds of visitors to the grounds and tomb of Webster all summer. One week there were 1,000 visitors, and 100 a day has been a common number. There cannot have been less than 12,000 visitors there this season. The crowds there still continue, so that the family in the mansion can hardly find time to eat their meals. Many of the visitors do not forget to volunteer presents for the trouble they make, and the aggregate of the money thus given to those who reside on the premises is quite large. The late rains have made the farm look in its full beauty and glory."

——THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace announce that the exhibition will close in December, so that those who intend visiting it must do so before that period, or be disappointed. The sooner, too, that they may be able to accomplish it the better, as the weather is becoming cool, and no arrangements for heating the building are made.

The charge of admission is reduced to twenty five cents, as follows:

1. For associations or companies of working men, applying in considerable numbers for admission together.

2. For all persons arriving by excursion trains arranged expressly for visiting the Fair.

3. For all persons, without exception, on each Saturday.

To others than those included above, the charge will be fifty cents each admission, as heretofore, and there will be no weekly tickets.

——*Der National Demokrat*, a German paper, published at Washington, translates an article from the Charleston (S. C.) *Standard*, with the remark that it should call a blush to the cheek of every German. For the honour of the German name the *Demokrat* looks upon the story as a hoax. The article in question is an account of a settlement in Pickens County, called Walhalla, and the offensive passage is in substance as follows:

"These German settlers were at first charged with enmity to the peculiar institution. Every day proves, however, that this is an error, as our adopted citizens become slaveholders as soon as they obtain the necessary capital. This is the case especially at Walhalla. A strong bond of the union among the settlers there arises from the fact that the community helps such of its members as are without property to purchase a family of slaves."

We agree with the *Demokrat*, that this should raise a blush upon every German's face.—*Tribune.*

——"A married couple," says the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, "after living together on bad terms for some time, resolved, a few days ago, to separate. They sold off all their furniture; but, finding that the sum it realized was not very important they proposed to commit suicide: and they went to the Canal Saint Martin to execute the design. The husband leaped in first, but after a while, being a capital swimmer, he raised his head above water, and perceived his wife standing quietly on the bank watching him. He began abusing her, and said that, according to their conventions she ought to drown herself. Instead, however, of complying, she accused him of intending to let her drown whilst he saved himself by swimming. He called upon her to plunge in at once, without any more talk; but she refused. Thereupon he got out of the water, and gave her a tremendous thrashing. Some persons who came up, went to seek for the guard, and the loving pair were arrested. On being questioned they made the facts known."

——WEST INDIES.—It is proposed to establish a central sugar manufactory and model farm in Barbadoes; for which purpose a bill was recently introduced into the House of Assembly to authorise the formation of the Company, and to bestow on it the necessary powers for its maintenance. It originates, we are informed, with certain gentlemen of the city interested in the improvement of the staple productions of the island, as proprietors and merchants.

From Antigua we are glad to find that the yellow fever had disappeared.

At St. Kitts the weather is described as very favourable, cool for this time of the year, with fine showers for the young canes. The island is said to be in a flourishing condition, evidenced by the state of the Treasury, in which there is more money than is wanted for the expenses of Government. At Montserrat, too, things are said to wear an improved appearance, owing in a great measure, to several enterprising gentlemen from Barbadoes, who had gone down there and bought estates, which they manage on a better system, more particularly by paying their labourers regularly every week, in cash, as is the custom at Barbadoes, and by introducing new methods of planting, &c., from which quite an alteration has taken place in the condition of Montserrat from what it was a year or two ago.

——SHOCKING TRAGEDY AT OBERLIN.—On the 5th instant a most revolting murder was committed about three miles east of Oberlin, Ohio. A man named Fullham, had slandered a Miss Barber and another young lady. The brother of Miss Barber, and a Mr. Lovell, the lover of the other slandered girl, went to Fullham to talk the matter over. He repulsed them with threats, and became enraged. They left him and returned to their work. After supper one of the parties proposed that they should take their rifles and go over to Fullham and frighten him. Acting in accordance with the proposal, they took their guns (a rifle and a shot gun) and started. On arriving, they found Fullham and his wife raking hay. Lovell advanced to him and said: "Well, I've come to have it out." Fullham seized a pitchfork and made a desperate plunge at him; his wife clinging to him, shrieking, and endeavouring to prevent his striking Lovell. He succeeded in wounding him in three places with the fork. Enraged beyond control [illegible] Lovell fired his piece, missing Fullham and lodging the [illegible] in his wife's head, wounding her dangerously, perhaps [illegible]. He then handed the empty gun to Barber to reload, took the loaded gun and started for home, Fullham following him with his pitchfork. After going some distance, Lovell turned round and fired, and Fullham being but two feet from him, received the whole charge in his side, tearing him in a horrible manner, and killing him instantly. He leaves a family of three children. The murderers were immediately arrested.—*Albany Argus.*

MARRIED.

RUSSELL—RIPLEY.—In Fitzwilliam, N. H., on the 4th inst., by Rev. John S. Brown, Rev. John L. Russell, of Salem, Mass., to Miss Hannah B. Ripley, of Greenfield, Mass.

DIED.

TALLMADGE.—On the 29th ult., in this city, Hon. James Tallmadge, a member of Congress in 1817, and Lieutenant Governor of the State from 1825 to 1827, aged 75.

LYNCH.—At Rhinebeck, Hon. James Lynch, for several years a Judge of the Marine Court of this city, aged 68.

DICKERSON.—At his residence, in Morris Co., N. J., on the 5th inst., the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, at an advanced age. He formerly held, successively, many distinguished offices, among which were those of Governor of the State, Member of the U. S. Senate, and Secretary of the Navy.

PAINE.—In this city, on the 6th inst., Hon. Elijah Paine, Judge of the District Court of New York.

GREENLEAF.—At Cambridge, Mass., on the 7th inst., Hon. Simon Greenleaf, for many years Professor in the Law School of Harvard University, aged 70.

KING.—At his residence, at Weehawken, on the 4th inst., Hon. James G. King, a well-known banker of this city, and a son of Rufus King, in the 63d year of his age.

BATES.—At Boston, on the 11th inst., Hon. Barnabas Bates, the well-known advocate of Cheap Postage.

WEBSTER.—At Cambridge, Mass., on the 11th inst., Mrs. Webster, widow of the late Professor Webster.

[By Request.]

Free Democratic State Nominations.

For Secretary of State,
CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, of Onondaga.

For Comptroller,
SETH M. GATES, of Wyoming.

For Attorney-General,
JOHN JAY, of New York.

For State Treasurer,
NATHAN SOULE, of Onondaga.

For Canal Commissioner,
CHARLES G. CASE, of Oswego.

For State Prison Inspector,
HORACE BOARDMAN, of Clinton.
SILAS CORNELL, of Monroe.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals, Full Term,
LEONARD GIBBS, of Washington.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals, Short Term,
E. I. CHASE, of Niagara.

For Clerk of the Court of Appeals,
THOMAS G. FROST, of Oneida.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Norristown, on the 24th, 25th and 26th days of October, 1853.

The importance of frequent meetings of the friends of our cause, for mutual counsel and encouragement, and for concert of plan and effort, is so well understood that it need not be urged upon them. To the public generally, we say: Our meetings are open to all; we invite to a participation in our discussions all, whether friends or opponents, who desire honestly to examine or discuss the principles or measures of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. We welcome to our ranks all those who, believing Slavery to be a sin, earnestly and faithfully labour for its abolition, whatever other differences of opinion may exist between us.

JAMES MOTT, *Chairman.*

HAWORTH WETHERALD, *Secretary.*

Eighteenth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.

The Eighteenth Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, will be opened in the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 5th of December, 1853, and will continue during the following three days. The Committee of Arrangements feel that no argument on their part can be necessary to enlist the hearty sympathy and active co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania in this department of labour. Its utility is fully proved; its necessity deeply felt. The present encouraging aspects of our enterprise should increase the energy of our efforts to bring it to its consummation. The victories already won are earnests of the final and complete triumph of Liberty over Slavery; and it is with renewed hope and strength that we address ourselves to the work of preparation for our next Fair. Its profits will be devoted, as heretofore, to the dissemination of the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, viz.: the inherent sinfulness of Slavery, and the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and to the advocacy of the truths and inculcation of the duties which are necessarily deduced from these principles.

In this work we confidently rely upon the efficient aid of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, upon whose zeal and industry the success of our Fair depends. Any co-operation or assistance from friends abroad will be gratefully received.

The Committee have selected an earlier time than usual for holding the Fair, in order that it may immediately follow the meeting which is to be held in this city in celebration of the completion of the second decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

COLONIZATION.

FACTS AND OPINIONS

TOUCHING THE

ORIGIN, CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE

OF THE

American Colonization Society;

Views of Wilberforce, Clarkson and others, and Opinions of the Free People of Colour of the United States. By G. B. STEBBINS. Preface by Hon. WM. JAY.

Mr. STEBBINS's able exposure of the great Colonization humbug is thus noticed:

"The whole object and end of this volume is to prejudice the mind of the reader against one of the most important and benevolent Societies of the country—the American Colonization Society. Anybody who is willing to pay 25 cents, more or less, to have the experiment tried on him, can buy a book." —*Evening Traveller, Boston.*

"This is an able and timely exposé of the hypocritical pretensions and of the pro-slavery character of the Colonization Society. Every true friend of the coloured man should help give it circulation."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"If any of our readers are in a neighbourhood where Colonization is likely to gain a foothold, they had better arm themselves with this book; and all may read it with profit who wish to be prepared to meet the subject, or are in any doubt as to its character."—*National A. S. Standard, N. Y.*

"The book covers the whole ground of controversy, and every position is fortified beyond all assault of argument or cavil. We hope it will be widely circulated. Abolitionists should buy it. It will be a store-house of facts for them, and just the thing to circulate among their neighbours."—*A. S. Bugle.*

"We are extremely glad, therefore, to announce the publication of a work so well digested and ably prepared—so crowded with proofs, arguments, facts and illustrations—as is this neatly printed volume by Mr. Stebbins."—*Liberator.*

Published by JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston.
JEWETT, PROCTOR & WORTHINGTON, Cleveland, O. [3t.]

Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

☞ For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 142 Nassau street, N. Y. Price, $1 25.

Wendell Phillips.

☞ WENDELL PHILLIPS's address hereafter is Boston, Massachusetts.

Miscellaneous Department.

STORY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

[From Charles Dickens's "Child's History of England."]

Now, the people still labouring under their old dread of the Catholic religion, this Parliament revived and strengthened the severe laws against it. And this so angered Robert Catesby, a restless Catholic gentleman of an old family, that he formed one of the most desperate and terrible designs ever conceived in the mind of man; no less a scheme than the Gunpowder Plot.

His object was, when the king, lords, and commons, should be assembled at the next opening of Parliament, to blow them up, one and all, with a great mine of gunpowder. The first person to whom he confided this horrible idea was Thomas Winter, a Worcestershire gentleman who had served in the army abroad, and had been secretly employed in Catholic projects. While Winter was yet undecided, and when he had gone over to the Netherlands, to learn from the Spanish Ambassador there whether there was any hope of Catholics being relieved through the intercession of the King of Spain with his Sowship, he found at Ostend a tall, dark, daring man, whom he had known when they were both soldiers abroad, and whose name was GUIDO—or GUY—FAWKES. Resolved to join the plot, he proposed it to this man, knowing him to be the man for any desperate deed, and they came back to England together. Here, they admitted two other conspirators: Thomas Percy, related to the Earl of Northumberland, and John Wright, his brother-in-law. All these met together in a solitary house in the open fields, which were then near Clement's Inn, now a closely blocked-up part of London; and when they had all taken a great oath of secresy, Catesby told the rest what his plan was. They then went up stairs into a garret and received the Sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit, who is said not to have known actually of the Gunpowder Plot, but who, I think, must have had his suspicions that there was something desperate afoot.

Percy was a Gentleman Pensioner, and as he had occasional duties to perform about the Court, then kept at Whitehall, there would be nothing suspicious in his living at Westminster. So, having looked well about him, and having found a house to let, the back of which joined the Parliament House, he hired it of a person named Ferris, for the purpose of undermining the wall. Having got possession of the house, the conspirators hired another on the Lambeth side of the Thames, which they used as a storehouse for wood, gunpowder, and other combustible matters. These were to be removed at night (and afterwards were removed), bit by bit, to the house at Westminster; and, that there might be some trusty person to keep watch over the Lambeth stores, they admitted another conspirator, by name Robert Kay, a very poor Catholic gentleman.

All these arrangements had been made some months, and it was a dark wintry December night, when the conspirators, who had been in the meantime dispersed to avoid observation, met in the house at Westminster, and began to dig. They had laid in a good stock of eatables, to avoid going in and out, and they dug and dug with great ardour. But, the wall being tremendously thick, and the work very severe, they took in Christopher Wright, a younger brother of John Wright, that they might have a new pair of hands to help. And Christopher Wright fell to like a fresh man, and they dug and dug by day and by night, and Fawkes stood sentinel all the time. And if any man's heart seemed to fail him at all, Fawkes said, "Gentlemen, we have abundance of powder and shot here, and there is no fear of our being taken alive, even if discovered." The same Fawkes, who, in his capacity of sentinel, was always prowling about, soon picked up the intelligence that the King had prorogued the Parliament again, from the seventh of February, the day first fixed upon, until the third of October. When the conspirators knew this, they agreed to separate until after the Christmas holidays, and to take no notice of each other in the meanwhile, and never to write letters to one another, on any account. So, the house in Westminster was shut up again, and I suppose the neighbours thought that those strange-looking men who lived there so gloomily, and went out so seldom, were gone away to have a merry Christmas somewhere.

It was the beginning of February, sixteen hundred and five, when Catesby met his fellow conspirators again at this Westminster house. He had now admitted three more: John Grant, a Warwickshire gentleman of a melancholy temper, who lived in a doleful house near Stratford-upon-Avon, with a bert Winter, eldest brother of Thomas; and Catesby's own servant, Thomas Bates, who, Catesby thought, had had some suspicion of what his master was about. These three had all suffered more or less, for their religion, in Elizabeth's time. And now they all began to dig again, and they dug and dug by night and by day.

They found it dismal work alone there, underground, with such a fearful secret on their minds, and so many murders before them. They were filled with wild fancies. Sometimes, they thought they heard a great bell tolling, deep down in the earth under the Parliament House; sometimes they thought they heard low voices muttering about the Gunpowder Plot; and once, in the morning, they really did hear a great rumbling noise over their heads, as they dug and sweated in their mine. Every man stopped and looked aghast at his neighbour, wondering what had happened, when that bold prowler, Fawkes, who had been out to look, came in and told them that it was only a dealer in coals who had occupied a cellar under the Parliament House, removing his stock in trade to some other place. Upon this, the conspirators, who with all their digging and digging had not yet dug through the tremendously thick wall, changed their plan, hired that cellar, which was directly under the House of Lords, put six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in it, and covered them over with faggots and coals. Then they all dispersed again until September, when the following new conspirators were admitted: Sir Edward Baynham, of Gloucestershire; Sir Edward Digby, of Rutlandshire; Ambrose Rookwood, of Suffolk; and Francis Tresham, of Northamptonshire. Most of these were rich, and were to assist the plot, some with money and some with horses, on which the conspirators were to ride through the country and rouse the Catholics, after the Parliament should be blown into the air.

Parliament being again prorogued from the third of October to the fifth of November, and the conspirators being uneasy lest their design should have been found out, Thomas Winter said he would go up into the House of Lords on the day of the prorogation and see how matters looked. Nothing could be better. The unconscious Commissioners were walking about, and talking to one another, just over the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder. He came back, and told the rest so, and they went on with their preparation. They hired a ship, and kept it ready in the Thames, in which Fawkes was to sail for Flanders after firing with a slow match the train that was to explode the powder. A number of Catholic gentlemen not in the secret were invited, on pretence of a hunting party, to meet Sir Edward Digby at Dunchurch on the fatal day, that they might be ready to act together. And now all was ready.

But now, the great weakness and danger which had been all along at the bottom of this wicked plot began to show itself. As the fifth of November drew near, most of the conspirators remembering that they had friends and relations who would be in the House of Lords that day, felt some natural relenting, and a wish to warn them to keep away. They were not much comforted by Catesby's declaring that in such a cause he would blow up his own son. Lord Mounteagle, Tresham's brother-in-law, was certain to be in the house, and when Tresham found that he could not prevail upon the rest to devise any means of sparing their friends, he wrote a mysterious letter to this lord and left it at his lodging in the dusk, urging him to keep away from the opening of Parliament, "since God and man had concurred to punish the wickedness of the times." It contained the words "that the Parliament should receive a terrible blow, and yet should not see who hurt them," and it added, "the danger is past, as soon as you have burnt the letter."

The ministers and courtiers made out that his Sowship, by a direct miracle from Heaven, found out what this letter meant. The truth is, that they were not long (as few men would be) in finding it out for themselves, and that it was decided to let the conspirators alone, until the very day before the opening of Parliament. That the conspirators had their fears, is certain; for, Tresham himself said before them all, that they were every one dead men; and, although even he did not take to flight, there is reason to suppose that he had warned other persons besides Lord Monteagle. However, they were all firm, and Fawkes, who was a man of iron, went down every day and night to keep watch in the cellar as usual. He was there about two in the afternoon of the fourth, when the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Monteagle threw open the door and looked in. "Who are you, friend?" said they. "Why," said Fawkes, "I am Mr. Percy's servant, and am looking after his store of fuel here." "Your master has laid in a pretty good store," they returned, and shut the door, and went away. Fawkes, upon this, posted off to the other conspiratorsto tell them all was quiet, and went back and shut himself up in the dark black cellar, where he heard the bell go twelve o'clock, and usher in the fifth of November. About two hours afterwards, he slowly opened the door, and came out to look about him, in his old prowling way. He was instantly seized and bound, by a party of soldiers under Sir Thomas Knevett. He had a watch upon him, some touchwood, some tinder, some slow matches; and there was a dark-lantern with a candle in it, lighted, behind the door. He had his boots and spurs on—to ride to the ship, I suppose—and it was well for the soldiers that they took him so suddenly; for if they had left him but a moment's time to light a match, he certainly would have tossed it in among the powder, and blown himself and them to perdition.

They took him to the king's bed-chamber first of all; and there the king (causing him to be held very tight, and keeping a good way off) asked him how he could have had the heart to intend to destroy so many innocent people? "Because," said Guy Fawkes, "desperate diseases need desperate remedies." To a little Scotch favourite, with a face like a terrier, who asked him (with no particular wisdom) why he had collected so much gunpowder, he replied, because he had meant to blow Scotchmen back to Scotland, and it would take a good deal of powder to do that. Next day he was carried to the Tower, but would make no confession. Even after being horribly tortured, he confessed nothing that the Government did not already know, though he must have been in a fearful state—as his signature, still preserved, in contrast with his natural handwriting before he was put upon the dreadful rack, most frightfully shows. Bates, a very different man, soon saw the Jesuits had had to do with the plot, and probably, under the torture, would have soon said anything. Tresham, taken and put in the Tower too, made confessions and unmade them, and died of an illness that was heavy upon him. Rookwood, who had stationed relays of his own horses all the way to Dunchurch, did not mount to escape until the middle of the day, when the news of the plot was all over London. On the road, he came up with the two Wrights, Catesby, and Percy: and they all galloped together into Northamptonshire; thence to Dunchurch, where they found the proposed party assembled. Finding, however, that there had been a plot, and that it had been discovered, the party disappeared in the course of the night, and left them alone with Sir Everard Digby. Away they all rode again, through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, to a house called Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They tried to raise the Catholics on their way, but were indignantly driven off by them. All this time they were hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcester, and a fast increasing concourse of riders. At last, resolving to defend themselves at Holbeach, they shut themselves up in the house, and put some wet powder before the fire to dry. But it blew up, and Catesby was singed and blackened, and almost killed, and some of the others were sadly hurt. Still, knowing that they must die, they resolved to die there, and with only their swords in their hands appeared at the windows to be shot at by the sheriff and his assistants. Catesby said to Thomas Winter, after Thomas had been hit in the right arm, which dropped powerless by his side, "Stand by me, Tom, and we will die together!"—which they did, being shot through the body by two bullets from one gun. John Wright, and Christopher Wright, and Percy, were also shot. Rookwood and Digby were taken: the former with a broken arm and a wound in his body too.

It was the fifteenth of January before the trial of Guy Fawkes, and such of the other conspirators as were left alive, came on. They were all found guilty, all hanged, drawn, and quartered: some in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the top of Ludgate Hill; and some before the Parliament House. A Jesuit priest named Henry Garnet, to whom the bloody [illegible] been communicated, was taken and tried, and two [illegible] a poor priest who was taken with him, were tortured without mercy. He himself was not tortured, but was surrounded in the Tower by tamperers and traitors, and so made unfairly to convict himself out of his own mouth. He said upon his trial, that he had done all he could to prevent the deed, and that he could not make public what had been told him in confession—though I am afraid he knew of the plot in other ways. He was found guilty and exe- [illegible] Church made a saint of him; some rich and powerful persons, who had had nothing to do with the project, were fined and imprisoned for it by the Star Chamber. The Catholics, in general, who had recoiled with horror from the idea of the infernal contrivance, were unjustly put under more severe laws than before; and this was the end of the Gunpowder Plot.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—"We see a notice that this distinguished preacher has received a present of $15,000, to secure him a summer residence in the country. We trust he will be able to receive all the adulation, and all the wealth that his friends pour upon him, and yet retain the humility, the simplicity, the faith and ardour of an '*ambassador for Christ*.' But, unless we are deceived, there is a great deal of danger in such circumstances."—*Ch. Herald and Messenger.*

1. We thank our friend for his well-meant kindness. We no longer resist that decree of the American public, which makes a man's privacy a pond for newspapers to angle in; and which allows them to hang up for inspection the details of domestic affairs, like articles on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. As we never have had the above $15,000 given us, *that* is not likely to hurt us. But the meddling with our domestic and private affairs is much more real, and much more dangerous to our grace—the grace of good nature, at any rate. Our cradle, our nursery, our wardrobe, our parlour, our house, our lecture-room, in turn, furnish paragraphs. Religious newspapers publish them almost without inquiry, especially if they smack of eccentricity. Rolling stones may gather no moss; but rolling stories do.

2. A few friends have enabled us to purchase a farm in Lenox, Berkshire county, Mass., which the deeds, with great definiteness, say contains "ninety-six acres *more or less*." We gave for farm and farm buildings, $4,500. For the crops, stock, implements, &c., $1,000 more. Total, $5,500. Any person in search of useful information can have further particulars, as to terms of payment, and any other private publicities, by personal application to us.

3. As we are receiving numerous letters of application from persons who wish *to conduct* our farm for us, we would inform all who are anxious to know, that we have happily secured our brother-in-law to reside upon the place, conduct it, and relieve us of all care and responsibility. He is a young man of about 30 years of age; reasonably good looking; married, and has three promising children—two girls and one boy. Any facts concerning *his* private affairs may be directed to Oliver Bullard, Lenox, Mass.

4. We are receiving numerous applications by letter, and by person, for donations of money, on the ground that now we are rich; and that a man who has received $15,000 ought to testify his gratitude to the public by liberal installments to individuals. Such persons will please see above No. 2.

But if that be not satisfactory, we are willing to contribute for the next five years, every cent of our share of the *net profits* of our farm, to charitable uses. We will notify all interested when the dividends are to be declared.

5. As the public may find out some other of our private difficulties. and accuse us of a want of frankness in this statement, we proceed to inform them of some other facts—for the time is near at hand, in which public men will be obliged to imitate the Banks, and give a weekly exhibit of their whole condition.

We are troubled to know whether to build at all or not. The principal difficulty consists in the means of *paying* for the house if we build one. At present we are not half as certain about the means as the newspapers are.

Next, we find that our economy and our desire of room are at loggerheads. We have marked and remarked; we have tried two architects, and they have planned and re-planned; and we find that it is impossible to build a large house with a little money. It is a great pity that it is so, but so it is.

Then we are at a dead stand about the material, whether it shall be wood or stone. Stone of the finest quality is close at hand, and *very* cheap; but there are *moral* reasons, as well as some others. For, the best stone is a kind of marble; and a marble country-house—that would ruin any minister's reputation. And so everything stands still. Well, the winter is before us. Something may turn up yet. We are determined to keep an eye upon the newspapers, so that, if any good luck befall us, we may find it out. Above all we shall anxiously watch, in them, the progress of this cottage.—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

GROWTH OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

WE have many startling data with which to illustrate the wonderful progress of our country in industrial pursuits, social refinement, and true national greatness; but there is none more tangible than the growth of our cities. We will select, for illustration, only three, from a single State—the cities of *Brooklyn*, *Rochester*, and *Buffalo*, in the State of New York. The wonderful vitality which has stimulated the growth of each has been drawn from separate and distinct sources: Brooklyn from its proximity to a great and increasing commercial city; Rochester from the inherent energy, industry, and enterprise of its aggregating population; and Buffalo from its eligible position in the great pathway of commerce between the Atlantic and the States along the Lakes and the Father of Waters. Brooklyn is like the child of a rich parent, nursed into life and placed in good society without much personal endeavour; Rochester is like a sturdy youth, with axe and spade, sent forth from the homestead roof to hew down the forest, let in the blessed sunlight to the bosom of Mother Earth, and then to seek sustenance and manly vigour from the generous soil; and Buffalo is like a publican and toll-gatherer upon the highway, growing rich and lusty upon the spendings of troops of wayfarers, who eat, drink, and are merry, pay tribute, and pass on.

BROOKLYN is earliest in date and greatest in population. Within its corporation bounds Sarah Rapelye, the first white child born on Long Island, inspired her earliest breath, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago. The hills around were called *Breucklen* (broken land) by the Dutch, and the orthoepy has but little changed, now that a beautiful city covers their slopes and crowns their summits, and the Dutch language is no more heard. When settlements and farms increased upon Long Island, a ferry was established. A broad-flat-boat for man and beast was provided, and the rental of the privilege to navigate the channel was appropriated to the building of the old City Hall in Wall Street, New York, where Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. A ferry house was built upon the Brooklyn side, where the farmers ate and drank, and parties from New York went to devour delicious fish, served in Epicurean style. Long years afterward the ferry house continued to be a solitary tenant of the soil, where now is so much life—so much of brick and mortar, merchandise and confusion.

A friend of the writer has given him, in a letter recently written, a picture of Brooklyn as it appeared to him in boyhood. The house stood upon the high bank, some thirty or forty feet above the water, and the road to the little ferry wharf below was cut through the bank. where Fulton Street now terminates. At the bottom of the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards below the ferry house, was a large fresh water spring, from which almost every vessel that came into the habour procured a supply. To that spring the friend alluded to went with a boat's crew, in 1791, and filled casks with water, to supply their vessel anchored in the stream. Then New York was a comparatively small city. The ship yards (foot of Catharine Street) were upon its extremest verge; the City Hall Park was close by the green slopes that terminated in the "Fresh Water Pond," where the *Halls of Justice* now stand, and beyond were orchards and "milk farms," whose "bars" opened into the "Bowery road to Boston."

For twenty years longer, Brooklyn remained in almost an embryo state. Three churches were erected, but the worshippers were chiefly from the adjacent farms. The ferry house, so long a *solitaire*, began to have a few companions, and some of the more progressive people aspired to the dignity of villagers. But opposition to the measure was strong and pertinacious, and it was not until 1816 that Brooklyn became an incorporated village. It then received its vital spark. Commerce expelled families from the lower wards of the city of New York, and many sought pleasant residences over the water. Emigration thither became fashionable; steam succeeded horses in the propulsion of ferry boats; the village developed strength, dignity, and beauty; put on city airs, and in 1834 the whole little township incorporated, with its kernel at the ferry house, was [illegible] its progress has been wonderful. [illegible] Bedford, Flatbush, and Gowanus, are already hiding beneath the fringe of its mantle. Its population today is more than one hundred thousand—greater than that of the city of New York in 1791.

ROCHESTER is emphatically a Child of the Wilderness, only forty years of age. It is at the First Fall of the Genesee, a few miles from Lake Ontario, and upon the spot where, fifty years ago, Allen, a Tory of the Revolution, built a mill to supply the scattered settlers in the wilderness all over western New York. When public-spirited and far-seeing men were making earnest endeavours to open highways from the Hudson to the Lakes, and resolved, in 1807, to erect a bridge over the Genesee River at the Fist Fall, Enos Stone built a log-cabin there. He cleared a few acres and planted corn, but the wild beasts destroyed it. His chief enemy was a huge she-bear, who long baffled his attempts to destroy her. Early in the autumn of 1811 his rifle bullet brought her from a tree, mortally wounded, and he had but little trouble afterward.

In 1810, Micah Brooks, Hugh M'Nair, and Matthew Warner, acted as State Commissioners for laying out a road to connect the Susquehanna with Lake Ontario; and a little later they were busy in surveying a route by which to connect the turnpike at Canandaigua with the Mississippi Valley, through the Allegheny River. When they were upon the site of Rochester, they slept upon straw and bear skins in the only house in the city, the log-cabin of Mr. Stone. Some of the fine old forest trees which they *blazed* on the route of their surveys are yet standing in the groves of Mount Hope Cemetery, at Rochester, living monuments which speak of the progressive spirit and energy of many of those whose mortality slumbers beneath their shadows. General Brooks was one of the earliest advocates, in public and private, of the Erie Canal and other internal improvements; and in 1816 he offered a resolution in Congress to inquire "as to the expediency of establishing a post-route from the village of Canandaigua, by way of the village of Rochester, to the village of Lewiston," &c. Nine years later he saw, not only post-roads and frequent mails there, but a great artificial river, bearing upon its bosom the vast soil-products of the West, and the manufactures and merchandise of the East, flowing over the Genesee, near the original bridge. He lived ten years longer, and, at a public meeting in Rochester, then a city of almost twenty thousand inhabitants, he lifted up his voice earnestly in favour of a great and immediate enlargement of that mighty artery of inland commerce. Since then seventeen years have elapsed, and he still lives, enjoying a ripe old age, and hoping not to close his eyes forever until the great work shall be accomplished. Hawley, Ellicott, Eddy, Watson, and others of his associate-backwoodsmen of New York, who inspired Clinton with the idea and importance of such a work, and the zeal to use his private and official influence in prosecuting it to completion, have passed away. The cities and villages along the canal are their monuments, upon which a generous posterity will yet inscribe their names and epitaphs.

Nathaniel Rochester, a patriot of the Revolution, became a resident of Western New York in 1810; and in 1812, in company with two others, procured from the Holland Land Company a hundred-acre lot, at the Falls, for a settlement to be called ROCHESTER. The patriot became a resident of the village bearing his name in 1816, and lived there until his death, in 1831, when the log-cabin of Mr. Stone was surrounded by a permanent population of eleven thousand people. In the very year when Rochester became joint proprietor of the wild tract, "inhabited only by musk-rats," pagan religious rites were celebrated, where now is the centre of the city of Rochester. There, in the winter of 1812 and '13, the Seneca Indians were quartered upon the ground now traversed by a portion of St. Paul's Street; and in January, 1813, the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" was celebrated for five days. The life of a white dog was offered up at the door of the council-house, while separate bands of men and women, ornamented with feathers and trinkets, each holding an ear of corn, danced around the council-fire. In 1812 the population of Rochester was 15; in 1820 it was 1,500; in 1830 it was 11,000; in 1840 it was 20,000; and now (1853) the number is about 40,000!

The little log flour-mill of Ebenezer Allen has passed away; but in its stead, there are now twenty-two large mills, with one hundred runs of stone, capable of grinding more than twenty thousand bushels of wheat daily. Flour is the great staple product of Rochester; yet every other kind of business incident to a numerous and thriving population is flourishing there; and the future growth of the city will doubtless exhibit a result as wonderful as that of the past.

BUFFALO is the Child of Traffic! It is at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, at the outlet of a great chain of lakes whose waters, twenty miles below, make the leap of Niagara. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Land Company, upon a bluff or terrace, and partly upon the marshy ground between the high land and the creek. In 1813, it contained a few scattered houses, but no signs of even a respectable village appeared in the horoscope of its future. It was then made a military post, which invited a visit from the British and Indians on the frontier, with whom our people were then at war. They came in December, and laid every house in ashes, but two. When peace came, and there seemed a probability of the opening of a water communication with the Hudson from that point, enterprising men, with the old inhabitants, began earnest efforts there; and in 1817 one hundred houses had arisen from the ashes of the little hamlet of 1813. In 1822, it began to feel the prospective advantages of the completion of the Erie Canal, which was to terminate there. It was incorporated a village that year, and in 1832, twenty-one years ago, it was incorporated a city. Now it contains a population of about fifty thousand. The marshes are drained and covered, and where, thirty-eight years ago, the little Buffalo Creek wound its way into Lake Erie, along the low banks which were covered with trees and shrubbery, long lines of wharves, with forests of masts, and stately warehouses filled with merchandise and produce, now present themselves.

The aggregate of commercial operations best illustrates the growth of this modern Tyre upon the American Mediterranean Seas:

In 1852, there arrived at the port of Buffalo nine hundred and twenty-nine sailing vessels, with an aggregate of one hundred and thirty-five thousand tons, and eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-one men and boys, as crews. During the same period, a thousand and sixty-two sailing vessels left the port, with the same average amount of tonnage, and number of men and boys. The value of imports was, in round numbers, thirty-five millions of dollars; and the amount of duties collected was about seventy thousand dollars. This amount of imports is exclusive of the hundreds of thousands of dollars value in earth-products and merchandise brought by canal-boats and railway-cars. During the year, six steamboats, nine propellers, and eight schooners, were built at Buffalo; and four steamboats, of eighteen hundred tons burden each, one of six hundred and fifty tons, two propellers, four schooners, a brig, and a steam-tug, were in process of construction. There are twenty-eight steamers, thirty one propellers, and one hundred and thirty-four sailing vessels, with an aggregate of fifty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-three tons, now owned at Buffalo.

During 1852, the value of exports from Buffalo, by the Erie Canal, was twenty-one millions forty-nine thousand nine hundred and eight dollars, producing eight hundred and two thousand eight hundred and six dollars, in tolls. The value of imports by the same channel was forty-one millions eight hundred and ten thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The whole amount of productions delivered in Buffalo, by the canal, during the year, was three hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty tons. In these statements no account is made of the immense amount of property carried to and taken from Buffalo, by the various express companies.

The future prospects of Buffalo are brilliant in the extreme. Within the past year, two new lines of railway to the city have been completed, namely, the *New York City* and the *State Line;* and three other lines are rapidly progressing towards completion.

Such, in brief, is the record of the birth and growth of three flourishing cities in the State of New York. Look westward of the Alleghanies, and greater wonders meet the vision.—*Harper's Monthly Magazine.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WERE the lonely acorn never bound
In the rude cold grasp of the rotting ground;
Did the rigid frost never harden up
The mould above its bursting cup;
Were it never soaked in the rain and hail,
Or chilled by the breath of the wintry gale,
It would not sprout in the sunshine free,
Or give the promise of a tree.
It would not spread to the summer air
Its lengthening boughs and branches fair,
[illegible] where, in starry nights,
Or stand in the woods among its peers,
Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore
Dragg'd from the depths where it slept of yore;
Were it never cast into searching flame,
To be purged of impurity and shame;
Were it never molten 'mid burning brands,
Or crushed and beaten by stalwart hands,
It would never be known as a thing of worth;
It would never emerge to a noble birth;
It would never be formed into mystic rings,
To fetter Love's erratic wings:
It would never shine amid priceless gems,
Or the girth of imperial diadems;
Nor become to the world a power and pride,
Cherished, adored, and deified.

So thou, O man of a noble soul,
Starting in view of a glorious goal,
Were it never exposed to the blasts, forlorn—
The storm of sorrow—the sleet of scorn;
Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire,
From the dross of thy sloth and mean desire;
Wert thou never taught to feel and know
That the truest love hath its roots in woe,
Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan,
Or reach half way to the perfect man;
Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height
Where wisdom purifies the sight,
And God unfolds to the humblest gaze
The bliss and beauty of his ways.

ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE.

AND now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time, in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time looking up at its deep pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars, where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps, indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers so far above, that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the old square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of the Calle Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen, a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead, an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrano a Soldi 28·32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on it side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful facade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away; a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber, and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and po- the branches, all twined together [illegible] and fluttering among network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels sceptered and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft irridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it. nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the venders of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening around them—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like lizards; and unregarding children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.—*Ruskin's "Stories of Venice."*

MR. MACAULAY ON "JUNIUS."

THE following letter, written by Mr. Macaulay, is just published, for the first time, in a new edition of Lord Mahon's *History of England.*

ALBANY, January 8, 1852.

"SIR: I am obliged to you for the new number of the *Quarterly Review.* I cannot say that it has shaken my opinion. I wonder, indeed, that so ingenious a person as the reviewer, should think that his objections have made any impression on the vast mass of circumstantial evidence which proves Francis to have been 'Junius.' That evidence, I think, differs not only in degree, but in kind, from any evidence which can be adduced for any other claimant.

"It seems to me, too, that one-half of the arguments of the reviewer is answered by the other half. First, we are told that Francis did not write the letters, because it would have been singularly infamous in him to write them. Then we are told that he did not write them because he did not own them. Surely, this reasoning does not hang well together. Is it strange that a very proud man should not confess what would disgrace him? I have always believed that Francis kept silence, because he was well known to have received great benefits from persons whom he had, as 'Junius' or as 'Veteran,' abused with great malignity.

"It is odd that the reviewer should infer, from the mistake about Draper's half-pay, that 'Junius' could not have been in the War Office. I talked that matter over more than ten years ago, when I was Secretary at War, with two of the ablest and best informed gentlemen in the department, and we all three came to a conclusion the very opposite of that at which the reviewer has arrived. Francis was chief clerk in the English War Office. Everybody who drew half-pay through that office made the declaration which 'Junius' mentions. But Draper's half-pay was on the Irish establishment, and of him the declaration was not required. Now, to me and those whom I consulted, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Francis, relying on his official knowledge, and not considering that there might be a difference between the practice at Dublin and the practice at Westminster, should put that unlucky question which gave Draper so great an advantage. I have repeatedly pointed out this circumstance to men who are excellent judges of evidence, and I never found one who did not agree with me.

"It is not necessary for me to say anything about the new theory which the reviewer has constructed. Lord Lyttelton's claims are better than those of Burke or Barre, and quite as good as those of Lord George Sackville or Single-speech Hamilton. But the case against Francis, or, if you please, in favour of Francis, rests on grounds of a very different kind, and on coincidences such as would be sufficient to convict a murderer.

"There is, however, one strong objection to the theory of the reviewer which strikes me at the first glance. 'Junius,' whoever he was, wrote a long letter to George Grenville, which was preserved at Stowe many years, and of which I have seen a copy in Lord Mahon's possession. The letter contains no decisive indications of the writer's situation; but, on the whole, it seems to be written by a man not very high in the rank of fortune. The tone, though not by any means abject, is that of an inferior. The author declares himself to be the writer of a squib, then famous, called 'The Grand Council.' He says [illegible] soon be Prime Minister. 'Till then I [illegible] concealed even from you: then I will make myself known, and explain what I wish you to do for me.' I quote from memory; but this is the substance. The original I have not seen; but I am told that it is in the handwriting of Junius's letters.

"Now, this circumstance seems to me decisive against Lord Lyttelton. He was George Grenville's cousin. The connexion between the Stowe family and the Hagly family had, during the two generations, been extremely close. Is it probable that George Grenville would not have known Lyttelton's hand? Is it possible that a letter, written by Lyttelton, should have lain at Stowe eighty years, and that none of the cousinhood should have been struck by the writing?

"But, in truth, the strongest arguments against the reviewer's theory are the arguments which, in my opinion, prove that Francis was the author of the letters.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your faithful servant,
"T. B. MACAULAY."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.—Bonnets will be worn on the small of the back.—*Punch.*

——THE amusing performances (says a London paper) of some of the "lucky diggers," who never possessed property before, are scarcely credible. The best story we have heard is of a digger who came down with £700, and paid a man 8s. a day as his companion *to help him spend it.*

——The contents of the mansion of Warren Hastings, at Daylesford, have been sold by auction; they brought what are considered good prices, producing £4,000. The estate had been previously sold for £30,250 to Mr. Grisewood, of the Stock Exchange. The sales were made by the executors of Mrs. Hasting's will.

——The celebrated Dr. James Johnson, editor of the *London Medico-Chirurgical Review*, thus unbosoms himself: "I declare as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, midwife, chemist, or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail."

——Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are sarcastic enough A blustering harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to a "rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket which goes off at once." Those who expend their charity on remote objects but neglect their family, are said to hang their lantern on a pole, which is seen afar but gives no light below."

—— MR. O'CONNELL, OF GRENAH.—A French country paper, the *Impartial de Bretagne*, announces the sudden death in the small town of Dinan, of Mr. John O'Connell, late of Grenah, county Kerry, a brother of the Irish liberator. The deceased was, during his long career as a resident landlord on the margin of Killarney's romantic waters, a "model of old Irish hospitality and public spirit, conciliatory and truly liberal, of genuine independence, and universally popular." On many national questions he took views at variance with those of his late brother.

—— The *North British Advertiser* tells the following story under the heading, "Fools on both sides." An itinerant lecturer, abounding in self-conceit, so much so that he sometimes mistakes impertinent interrogations for wholesome inquiries, and makes them accordingly, one day saw a young man sitting before his door quietly smoking a cigar. "Young man," said he, in a severe tone, "don't you know that he who uses tobacco is a fool?" "Well," replied the young man, mildly, "it may be so; but there is another fact that you are not aware of, and which I wish to impress on your mind—that there are a great many *fools who don't use it.*" The phrenologist drew the inference and discontinued the conversation.

—— A BIBLICAL CRITIC.—The best specimen of original criticism we ever heard, was in a stage-coach ride to Berry Edge. Three of us were talking about Adam and his fall. The point of discussion was the apparent impossibility that a perfect man like Adam could commit sin.

"But he wasn't perfect," said one of the three.

"Wasn't perfect," we ejaculated in amazement.

"No, sir, he wasn't perfect," repeated our commentator.

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"Well," answered the authority, "he was made perfect, I admit, but he didn't stay perfect."

"How?"

"Why, was not one of his ribs removed? If he was perfect with all his ribs, he was not perfect after losing one, was he? Say?"

Our say was silence. We were convinced then, that woman was the cause of man's original imperfection.—*Oatshap* (*England*) *Observer.*

——The North China *Herald*, of July 9, says: "Information has reached, us privately, that while the United States fleet were in the neighbourhood of Napican (Napakiang?), the Susquehanna and Saratoga went on a cruise eastward, and touched at several beautiful islands, where they distributed live stock. They also touched at an island named Bonian. To their surprise they discovered a few European residents, consisting of English, Scotch, Irish, and Spanish, who had left whalers and established themselves there. Among them were about eleven women. The Governor of the Island is a Scotchman. He claims the island as his own, and has been settled there about twenty years. He has a family of several children, one of whom was drowned a few days before the Susquehanna touched there, in endeavouring to cross the bar.

The Commodore has made a purchase of a piece of land containing about ten acres, for $50. It is in a good situation, on one of the best sites of the harbour, and is intended for a Government coal depot. The island is mountainous, and the harbour excellent, having from eighteen to twenty fathoms of water at the anchorage. Shell fish, such as lobsters and crayfish, abound; on land plenty of wild goats are to be found. Plums, bananas, plantains, and other varieties of fruit, are abundant on the island.

——ONE OF THE SHAM DAUPHINS.—But little has been said since his death, the other day, in an obscure corner of a distant French province, of the Baron de Richmond, one of the many *soi-disant* Louis the Seventeenths. He was, however, the most notable of all those modest pretenders, and his claims were recognised by a considerable portion of the legitimist party. Ten members of the old *noblesse* were so convinced that he was really the Dauphin of France, that they clubbed together to assure him an annuity of 12,000 francs, which he regularly received up to the day of his death. His origin remains a mystery. His partisans may fairly say this—that those who deny that he was Louis XVII. cannot say who he was. Under the government f July he was twice committed to prison for political emonstrations. In 1848 he presented to the Provisional Government a memorial setting forth his claims. In that year, aided by subscriptions from his partisans, he founded a weekly journal called the *Inflexible*, whose mission was to prove that all the occupants of the throne since January 22, 1793, had robbed him of his inheritance. He had an intimate acquaintance of many years' standing with several members of the Provisional Government. In 1833 he was a fellow-prisoner at Ste Pelagie with Armand Marrast and Flocon. They were highly amused by the *naiveté* with which he spoke of himself as a son of Louis XVI., and familiarly addressed him as Capet They fully admitted that he possessed one quality for which the Bourbons were famous, a great proficiency in gastonomy. He was made caterer for the mess, and Armand Marrast was heard to call out to him in a voice that rang throughout the prison, "Capet, my friend, let us have to-day at dinner a capon *au gros sel.*" A chapter in Silvio Pellico's "Miei Prigioni" is devoted to a notice of this personage.—(*London*) *Inquirer.*